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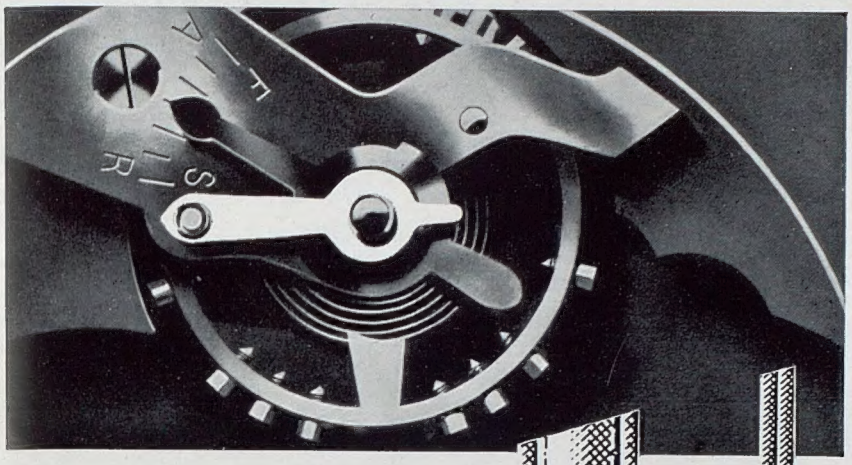

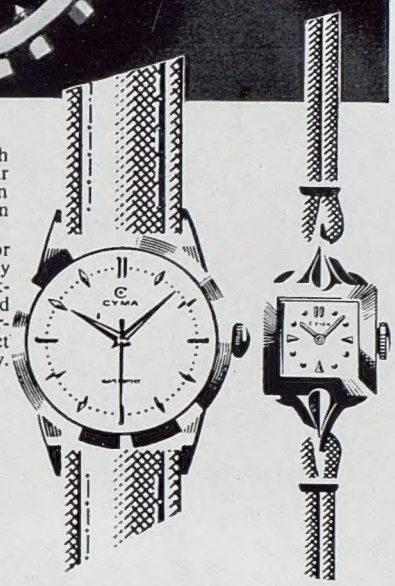

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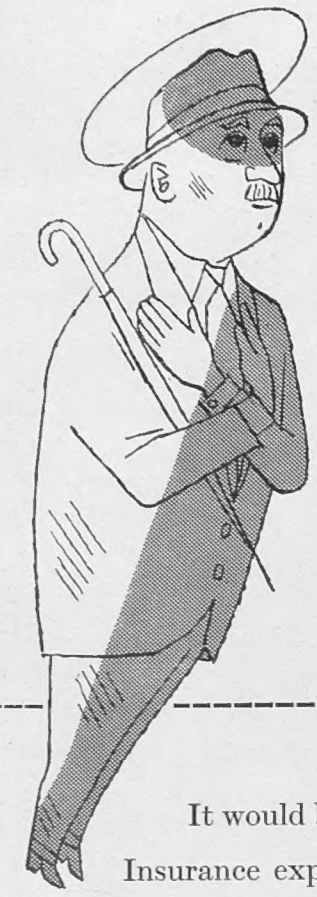

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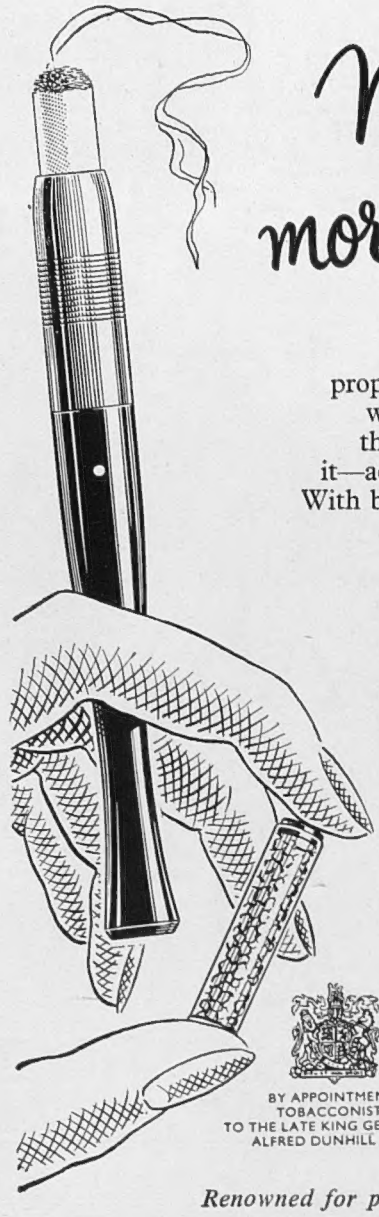

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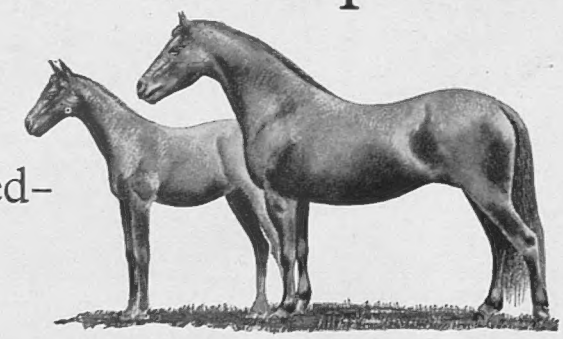

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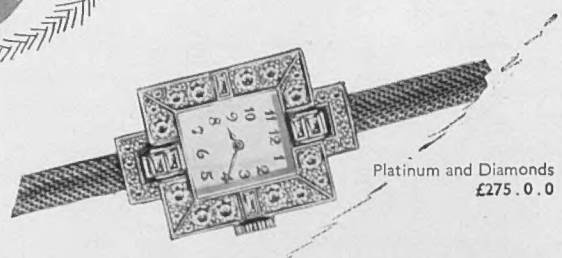

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Sterling Silver, engine-turned Hair Brushes
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Diamond
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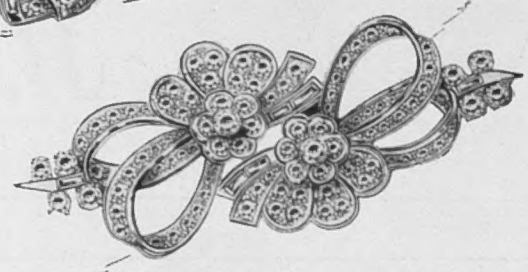

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9 carat gold £102.10.0
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Sterling Silver Cigarette Box
Length 4⅜ inches £11. 0.0
Length 5½ inches £13.15.0
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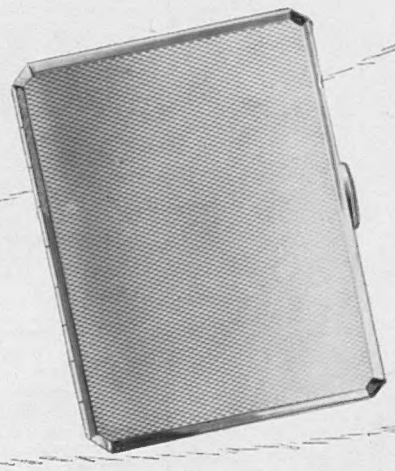

Engine-turned Cigarette Case

Size	Sterling silver	9 carat gold
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Volume CCXIX No. 2861 The SPHERE, London, December 11, 1954

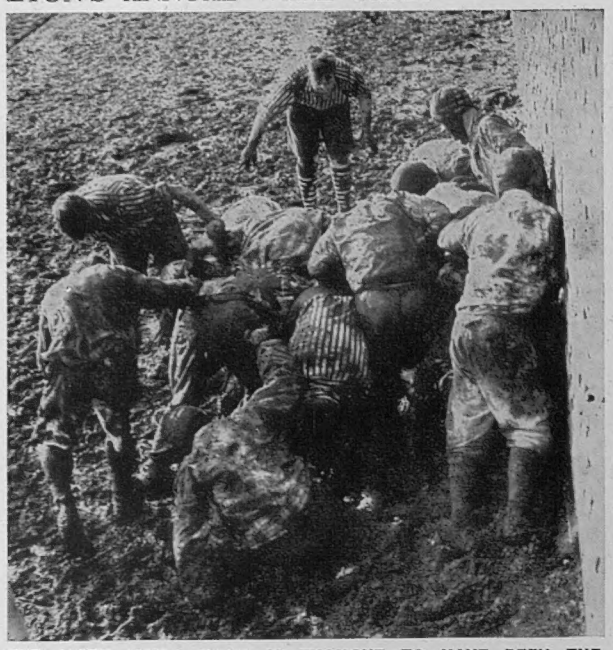
The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE CREW OF THE WRECKED GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP—WREATHS ARE LAID ON THE SEA NEAR THE GOODWIN SANDS FROM THE RAMSGATE AND WALMER LIFEBOATS: Seven men lost their lives when the South Goodwin Lightship was wrecked in a tempest. At the service relatives of the victims were present and one wreath was from Mr. R. Murton, the sole survivor. In the background the wrecked lightship is lying on its side.

The service was conducted by the Rev. T. G. Leech (centre), the Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Ramsgate. He was assisted by the Rev. J. E. Blanchett, a chaplain to the Missions to Seamen, who is on the right in the bows of the Ramsgate Lifeboat. In front of Mr. Blanchett is the Mayor of Ramsgate, Alderman E. G. Butcher, wearing his chain of office. With the Royal National Lifeboat Institution's flag flying at half-mast, the two lifeboats lie upon calm waters close to the treacherous sands. But in this scene of peace and requiem the foundered wreck behind is a reminder of the fury of the elements against which the dead men had devoted their lives for the protection of mariners. Such was the violence of the disastrous gale that the lifeboats were unable to approach the vessel as she lay on her side, half-submerged. Mr. Murton, a Ministry of Agriculture scientist, who was on board to observe bird migration, was taken off by helicopter. At the time of the memorial service the seven bodies of the crew had not been found. (See also page 478.)

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

ETON'S ANNUAL WALL GAME



THE 113TH WALL GAME IS THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN THE MUDDIEST ON RECORD : The game between the Collegers and Oppidans in progress on St. Andrew's Day ; the result was a draw. On one occasion when the College authorities were attempting to explain the rules of the game they noted that "besides using brute force, a wall or second may place his fist gently against an opposing face and then by torsion and pressure produce as much pain as is feasible. No man, however, may deliberately strike, strangle, smother or jump on an opponent."

COVERED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN THICK WET MUD : Three of the boys still manage a smile after the annual tournament.

WATCHING FROM A DISTANCE : Sir Frederick and Lady Browning (Daphne du Maurier) and their son, Christian. Stout footwear was much in evidence among the spectators.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Birthday Muse.—The tributes to Sir Winston were satisfactory enough. The cheques and the oratory were fitly generous. The photographers did their work well, the biographers and columnists were adequate. The portrait painter in oils *perhaps* passed the test, but I have not seen the original (and did not much like the reproduction). But the poets or poetasters, I thought, let the show down. What was wanted was a four-line epigram—an inspired précis in rhyme ; but what we for the most part got was quantity for quality, banality for pith, the conventional, halting, staggering Pegasus more fitted to be transport to Widecombe Fair. True, the poet-laureate had a good "stab at it." Ben Jonson or William Browne or William (Johnson) Cory would have done the job admirably. Or Gray might have given a hint to the poetasters, if "improved" by a better poet than the present writer :—

> "A global Hampden that with dauntless breast,
> The great and petty tyrannies withstood.
> No 'mute inglorious Milton' spurns his rest—
> A Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
> or
> The applause of listening Senates to command,
> The threats of pain and ruin to despise—
> His fate decreed. To save a smiling land
> And read his history in a Nation's eyes."

But, as so often, I am a little late in getting into print. Nevertheless, though the birthday occasion has now passed into history and party strife is again joined, the memories of the harmony of the unique ceremonies abide fragrantly in memory.

New Session.—The opening of the fourth and what may well be the last session of the present Parliament was carried out with its traditional and efficient splendour. And more ; because it coincided with a notable birthday celebration which kept the Premier from the first engagement in the new campaign. The House will sit until December 23. The programme of the whole session is comparatively light, but the fights will be brisk enough and the Government's small majority will be strained. The pensions proposals, of course. Plans for better roads. Estimates and defence. The Budget's big share of the allotted time of the House. The debate on the address may last longer than usual, and during it, when the first customary politeness has worn away, the Premier's "little scrape" will be an opportunity for the scraping and throwing of mud. General elections are not to be lightly decided. They waste time and often, nowadays, reveal no new public mandate. But there are factors favourable in Conservative minds to an early appeal. To-day I believe the Tories would come in with a big majority of those waverers who turn the scales between the equally weighted loads in the saucers. A new Government with a majority of thirty or more next spring would, I suppose, cry "packo-portmanteau" to two or three of the old guard of the Socialist ministers. And that might clear the air and realistically close the ranks—at any rate, the nation would know again what that party stands for and means to do if again returned to power. But a year hence, who knows ? Parties (like cricket captains) have a way of bobbing up again very quickly, off their own bats or through the mistakes in the field of their adversaries. To-day the Tories under Sir Winston are a match-winning team.

Pity the Poor Pilot.—There were bitter dregs in Sir Winston's loving-cup on his eightieth birthday. Mrs. Braddock withheld her signature and Mrs. Castle her subscription. He is unpopular with some of the Parliamentary ladies. He is no longer a 100 per cent. ladies' man in the Commons. They were sorry to spoil the fun and botch the testimonial, but it was a matter of principle (or propaganda, which is much the same thing), and conscience required of them that they should withhold their congratulations on his eightieth birthday and their approval of his public record. Fortunately, he has become habituated to set-backs, has known unpopularity and may philosophically endure the latest. Indeed, there are people who feel (and say) that they would rather be wrong with Sir Winston Churchill than right with Mrs. Braddock. It is not a major set-back. And now that he has reached eighty years of discretion, he need not despair of living it down or rising again. Much the same might be said of another "lost leader." Better to be wrong with Hutton than right with the critics. And "poor old Hutton" is still under eighty. Perhaps Hutton will be as generous to his critics as was the Premier to those who abstained from his testimonials.

Apartheid.—The unexpectedly temperate outline of policy by Dr. Malan's successor may suggest that he will give himself time for reflection before he proceeds to the extremes with which his name is linked. He may reflect on the history of South Africa. It is three centuries since Europeans settled in South Africa, and in those centuries the Bantu people have steadily progressed, largely from the labours of Christian missions. As a result there is among them a large professional class, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, school-teachers, many possessing good university degrees. All of them have had to put up with gross indignities and obstacles, which they have endured with patience and on their side, dignity. But, if now, they are to be "chastised with scorpions," the end is likely to be the revolution that Rehoboam brought about. An intelligentsia, driven underground, is always dangerous. An educated Mau-Mau movement is not a condition which any sane Premier would risk, and the suppression of religion and church schools can only result in removing the last influence against revolution, the last restraints imposed by the ideals of Christianity. What the U.N. has condemned and the churches have condemned, and the experiences of recent history in Africa condemn, Malan's successor may well take time to review before he acts.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S BIRTHDAY CHEQUE

LORD MOYNIHAN, HON. TREASURER OF THE WINSTON CHURCHILL EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION FUND, HANDS THE CHEQUE TO THE PREMIER AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET : The amount stated on the cheque was for £150,000, but the final figure is expected to be very much higher before the fund closes at the turn of the year. Sir Winston has announced that he desires the money to be made into a trust fund to be known as "The Winston Churchill Birthday Trust." Included among its objects will be the endowment of Sir Winston's home, "Chartwell," as a museum containing mementoes of his long life. Sir Winston says "it will be an enduring pleasure in the months or years that remain to me to guide the trust to charitable purposes which command my allegiance."

Dominici.—The French judicial system, like the French political set-up, at least in recent decades, up to the advent of M. France, is marvellous in our eyes. But it is *thorough* enough, if emotional, melodramatic and dilatory ; as different from our methods as chalk from cheese. At any rate, by a majority vote, at last "a victim has been found" to assume responsibility for the ancient mass-murder of the Drummond family at Lurs. As for that, in America, also, convicted men are given an outsize rope to escape the penalties inflicted by the court of first instance. I rather think that Gaston Dominici, seventy-seven, will die with his head on his shoulders. Perhaps he will be re-tried (which God forbid) ; perhaps his appeal will succeed on a point of law or misdirection or his sentence be reduced to "life" imprisonment. However it be, I doubt if there is need to oil the works of the guillotine for gaffer Gaston. His trial must hold the record for the number of lies recorded in the witness box, under oath or otherwise, and all through the trial an undercurrent of politics bubbled and gurgled beneath the floor of the court at Digne. Dominici, like Landru, was a great performer in judicial melodrama.

George Robey.—George Robey will live vividly in the memory of people now alive who saw and heard him during his long professional career, and the generation of the First World War will remember with sentimental tears his co-operation with Violet Loraine in *The Bing Boys*. It may be that sound-recording will in some sort help to preserve his memory for people who saw and heard him. But television alone could do the trick for posterity and the unfortunates. "For it wasn't so much the things he said as the wonderful way he said 'em." Even the wit of Sidney Smith reads as "sad stuff" a century

after his death, and *he* was accepted as a wit. Robey was seldom witty and not very often funny, literally. It was the way he said the most banal things, even bromides. Without the grimace, the eye-brow work, the clothes and the winks and the gestures, his catch-words and wisecracks would have been, and will be, incapable of raising a smile from a schoolboy. He was a mime of genius, helped by a voice and a rubber face and a "signature" style of dress. But very few men in their time won so many laughs and gave his countrymen so big a ration of that best gift of laughter, that surest cure of the blues. He deserved his fame and rewards.

Suburbanisation.—I share with others a sense of impotent disgust at the work of suburbanising the countryside at the expense of those who live in it, carried out by the local authorities, no doubt at the command of suburbanites in Whitehall. In West Sussex the other day I came across a posse of men placing in position in a country lane large blocks of stone to make a kerbed pavement to cover the approaches to a small collection of new Council houses. The futility of the proceeding was apparent at once. The inhabitants must walk from their bus stop along the lane until they meet the pavement, which merely covers the entrance, and must take the chances of the weather and state of the lane until their "bit of eyewash" begins. When one considers the more urgent improvements demanded of these by-roads, which nowadays carry buses and coaches which take up two-thirds of their width, he may well be appalled, not only by the vulgarity, but by the inappropriateness, the sheer stupidity and bureaucratic *hubris*, of this outrageous waste of public money. In the last few years I have seen my own by-road suburbanised with kerbs and barbed-wire fences, and made not one jot more safe for traffic, and to-day, though my house is still remote, I confidently await an order from the Post Office to correct my address to No. 113, Coronation Road. When all Sussex is made as "civilised" as Surbiton, we can write it off as a contributing factor in attracting tourists to the charms of Britain; and that worthy objective of bureaucracy now proceeds apace.

A Bigger Slice of Tourist Cake.—Foreigners don't come to Britain to enjoy our climate, our roads and transport, our cooking, our hotels or our night life. They don't come to enjoy our judicial system, which is admirable, or our political system, which is not too bad (though some foreigners come to escape their own systems). They do come in fair numbers to look at our ancient monuments and to visit two or three centres of culture. And some come, with umbrellas and goloshes, to take a chance of enjoying our scenes of natural beauty, now being rapidly "improved" by suburbanisation or tidying-up. To make up on the swings what we are losing on the roundabouts of suburbanisation, the Travel Association suggests (not for the first time) that we should liberalise the Licensing laws and give our benefactors a longer opportunity to drink up any whisky that may be surplus to export needs, a better chance to overeat and to break their necks. I don't think this is a "long-term" policy in one sense, though it certainly is in another. Meanwhile, we might add to our attractions by more generously supplying that "iced water" which we found so comforting in our own homes last summer. And to add to the novelty of a visit to England, we might offer them a few *native* films and musicals, and so on. They must get so tired of seeing their own back numbers.

In the Wet.—I observe from my records that the last dry month of 1954 was April, with a total of less than 1 inch. Since then every month has given us a very consistent amount, never abnormal, but totting up to an unusual total. What is abnormal is the consistency of the months May to November. Only one just failed to give us 3 ins. Only one exceeded 3 ins., November, which provided more than double this average. These seven months have produced 26 ins. I suppose it is because the ground has never been given a chance to dry that new phenomena have come to surprise us. Floods develop quicker and with less "excuse." Mossy, slippery films cover paths normally safe and dry soon after rain. Leather and woodwork are unusually prone to mildew, and fungi and moss are wrapping the roots and lower trunks of many varieties of trees, and an abnormally large number fell before the gales as a result of softening-up at the roots. Even in the sandiest soils the moisture stagnates, and the entrances to all fields used by cattle or tractors resemble Irish bogs. Sussex finds it an unwelcome and surprising visitation, and the aftermath of tidying-up and making up lost time will fall as heavily on this favoured county's farmers and gardeners as on many more accustomed to bad weather.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

GEORGIAN BLACKHEATH

Bernard Brown Describes the Historic Heath and Village Community, which Lies only Five Miles South of the City of London.

Illustrated with photographs by A. F. Kersting.

THE ONLY WOMAN AT THE PREMIER'S EVE-OF-SESSION DINNER

MISS PAT HORNSBY-SMITH, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH, HURRIES THROUGH THE RAIN TO NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: She was attending the traditional Eve-of-Session dinner given by Sir Winston Churchill when members of the Government were informed of the contents of the Queen's speech for the opening of Parliament. Her gown, in black and purple brocade, and embroidered with silver, has a full over-skirt. Sightseers watching the arrival of the ministers also saw two of Sir Winston's birthday cakes carried into the house.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" JOINS THE OLD VIC REPERTOIRE

THE TAMER TAMED: Ann Todd as Katherine, and Paul Rogers as Petruchio, in Denis Carey's production of Shakespeare's comedy, which has now joined this season's repertoire at the Old Vic. Miss Todd gives a touching performance as the shrew who is all too quickly tamed, while Mr. Rogers clears a rumbustious way for himself through the gay and colourful scenes. Among the supporting cast are Gwen Cherrell as Bianca, Paul Daneman as Lucentio, Laurence Hardy as Baptista, and Michael Bates as Gremio. Julian Slade has composed the incidental music. An unusual feature of the present production is the omission of the two Induction scenes and of Christopher Sly.

NEWS REVIEW FROM ENGLAND

PICTURES OF RECENT EVENTS IN LONDON AND ELSEWHERE

EMERGENCY REPAIRS TO AN OPEN SECTION OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY: Work in progress on the strengthening of the section of the Piccadilly and Metropolitan lines between Hillingdon and Uxbridge, Middlesex, where a subsidence has been caused by the recent heavy rains. The track has been raised 4 ft. and supported by 4,000 tons of granite limestone. Much of the damage was caused by the weight of earth pushing against the badly cracked wall on the left, and at the same time affecting the level of the track. This pressure has now been relieved by the excavation of the earth at prominent positions. Five hundred men worked throughout last week-end and by Monday morning the track was ready for normal service. The work was made all the more difficult by the narrow confines of the cutting.

A RECEPTION IN THE CRUSH-BAR AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN: This followed the world première of *Troilus and Cressida*, the first opera composed by Sir William Walton. The four guests seen sitting on the stairs are, from left: Mrs. H. I. Dent, Mr. T. English, Mrs. C. Neilson and Sir Barry Jackson. Among the vast audience in the Opera House were the Countess of Harewood and Princess Georg of Denmark. A description and pictures of the opera, which was commissioned by the B.B.C., appear on page 473 of this issue.

On left—

MR. HEAD AT AN OFFICER-CADET SCHOOL PASSING-OUT PARADE: The Secretary of State for War is taking the salute at the march-past in a passing-out parade of officer-cadets at the Mons school, Aldershot. Standing by him is the Commandant of the School, Colonel J. R. Cordy-Simpson, O.B.E., M.C. Mr. Head presented silver-mounted canes to the two best cadets of the passing-out troop, Senior Under-Officer T. R. Walker-Heneage, and Senior Under-Officer R. A. Gray. Mons is a school for National Service officers, the course lasting sixteen weeks.

QUEEN ELIZABETH ATTENDS AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC SHOW: She is seen arriving at the Scala Theatre, London, for a performance of *A Penny for a Song*, given by the Stock Exchange Amateur Dramatic Society, in aid of King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers.

THE QUEEN MOTHER OPENS THE NEW THEATRE AT R.A.D.A.: On the stage of the new Vanbrugh Theatre at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, Her Majesty smiles at four-year-old Francesca Wynne-Roberts curtsying after presenting a bouquet. On the right is Sir Kenneth Barnes, Principal of R.A.D.A. After the ceremony, the Queen Mother saw a student performance. She laid the foundation-stone of the theatre in 1952.

MARKYATE CONTINUES ITS ROAD SAFETY CAMPAIGN: Inhabitants of this Hertfordshire village are seen placarding a street with 15 m.p.h. warning signs. They declare that too many accidents have occurred in their narrow High Street on the main London-Birmingham Road. A 15 m.p.h. speed limit is in operation, but they insist it must be strictly enforced and that a by-pass should be built. Their campaign is attracting nation-wide attention.

NEWS REVIEW FROM ABROAD

PERSONALITIES IN EGYPT, FRANCE AND AMERICA; AND THE DISASTROUS TRAIN CRASH IN BELGIUM

On left—
SENTENCED TO DEATH, BUT REPRIEVED : Hassan el Hodeiby, the Supreme Guide of the Muslim Brotherhood, leaving the "People's Court" in Cairo, where he had been sentenced to death for plotting to overthrow the military regime. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment by the Council of the Revolutionary Command; the death sentences on six other members of the Brotherhood were, however, confirmed. News of the sentences was followed by strong protests in Damascus.

On right—
DE GAULLE CRIES "VIVE LA FRANCE" : The General at the end of his speech to a mass meeting of his party, the Rally of the French People, in Paris. General de Gaulle said he approved in broad terms of the London and Paris Agreements, but repeated his suggestion that new attempts should be made to secure negotiations between East and West. He was unusually complimentary to M. Mendès-France, but confirmed that his party would not take any responsibility for present politics.

MEETING FOR THE FIRST TIME : Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery with General Douglas MacArthur at the American General's suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. Despite the fact that they were two of the most powerful commanders of the last war, they had never met before. General MacArthur had returned to the United States for the first time in fourteen years after being relieved of his command in the Far East in 1951. He is now an important business executive. Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery returned to England last week-end after a brief visit to the United States. He immediately set about looking for the telegram on the disposal of German arms which, he claims, he received from the Prime Minister in 1945 but which could not be found.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AT THE SCENE OF A TRAGIC CRASH : King Baudouin, in a dark coat, centre, at Louvain, where a special train carrying German football supporters from England to Stuttgart crashed. With the King is General Blanquart, and between them the German Ambassador to Belgium, Herr A. Pfeiffer. Nineteen people lost their lives and about thirty were seriously injured.

On right—
THE GERMAN FOOTBALL SUPPORTERS' TRAIN CRASH : Part of the wrecked train which had left the rails at Wilsele, at the entrance to Louvain station. Nineteen people were killed and some thirty seriously injured in one of the worst railway accidents ever to occur in Belgium. The train was full of German supporters who were on their way home after watching the football match between England and Germany in London. The engine driver and fireman were killed in their cab, and the second coach, crushed between the first and the third, was almost completely destroyed. The rest of the train remained upright on the track. Many of the passengers were thrown out of the carriages, and were picked up on surrounding embankments and fields. The derailment had taken place at a railway switch at a point where, because of construction work, traffic had been reduced to a single track.

The Foreign News in Pictures

McCARTHY MOBILISES

His Supporters Rally Just Before the Senate Passes its Vote of Censure on Him; and Other Events in Five Continents

"TEN MILLION AMERICANS MOBILISING FOR JUSTICE": That is the name of the movement which has been organised to sign and present a petition protesting to the Senate against the censure motion on Senator Joseph McCarthy. The huge crowd seen above at a rally in Madison Square Garden, New York, is standing while Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara opened the proceedings with a prayer.

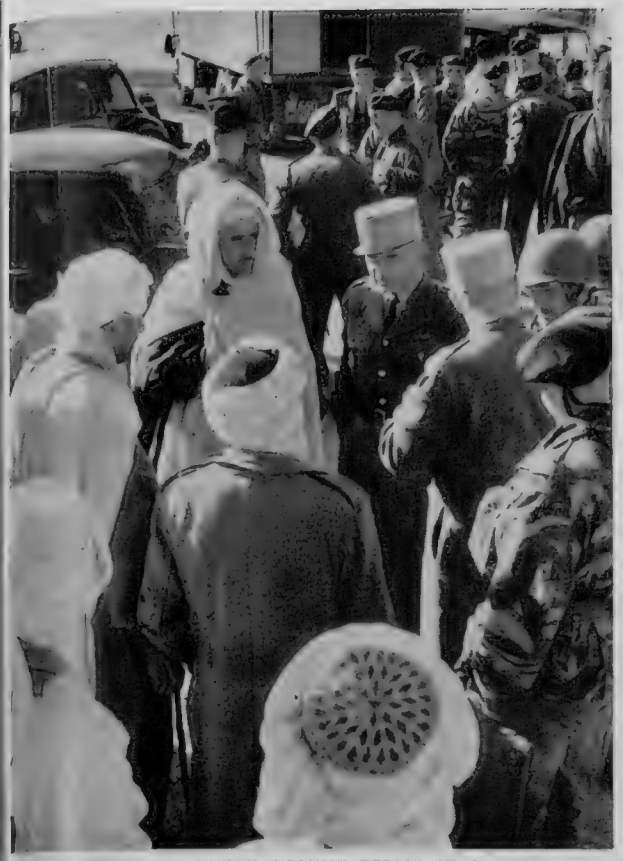
Last week the United States Senate voted to censure Senator Joseph McCarthy for abuse on two counts and thus expressed official disapproval of his methods and actions. The Senator roundly declared the Senate proceedings to be a farce. Farce or no, the first vote was taken too soon for the curious movement which has sprung up during the past few weeks. Its object was to produce a petition signed by Ten Million Americans Mobilising for Justice, which would protest to the Senate against the censure motions. As befits a petition organised by militant retired Army and Navy officers, it was brought to Washington in an armoured car. But the Senate was already voting. The petition came too late to save the Senator from censure.

On left—**ELBOW ROOM FOR THE SENATOR: Mr. McCarthy, who had been in hospital with a sore elbow, at the Senate, where he appealed for the vote on the censure motions to be taken quickly. His wish was gratified, and the Senator was "condemned."**

SUPPORT FROM MRS. McCARTHY: The Senator's attractive wife, Mrs. Jean McCarthy, speaking on behalf of her husband at the rally in Madison Square Garden.

BURMA'S ROWING PRIME MINISTER AND HIS CREW: U Nu, second from right, rowing No. 3 in the five-oar boat which joined in the boat races in Rangoon held annually to celebrate Burma's National Day. These sleek and light boats, which are used for racing in Burmese lakes, are generally rowed by six or eight men. It may have been lack of manpower that caused the Prime Minister's boat to capsize near the winning post on the Royal Lakes. As a result, U Nu and his crew were forced to swim ashore. The Prime Minister, however, appeared to be none the worse for his experience, for shortly afterwards he left on his tour of Indo-China and China. At Hanoi, U Nu met the Viet-minh leader, Ho Chi Minh, and declared him to be a big-hearted man. "That is why I fell in love with him at first sight." When U Nu arrived in Canton for his fortnight's visit to China he was greeted by 5,000 Chinese.

THE FRIENDLY COMMISSIONER-GENERAL: Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, British Commissioner-General in South-East Asia, rubs noses in traditional Maori style with an old acquaintance on his arrival at Rotorua, New Zealand. The acquaintance is Rangi, a well-known Maori guide, whom Mr. MacDonald last met twenty years ago. It was announced last month that Mr. MacDonald had been reappointed as Commissioner-General for a further year, until the end of 1955; he has held the post since 1948. In the past few months he has been round the world, visiting Britain and Commonwealth countries, before returning to Singapore. Mr. MacDonald has been criticised in certain quarters at home for what is considered too much familiarity with the tribal peoples among whom he works. On the other hand, his conduct has won high praise and admiration in many other quarters.



FRENCH TROOPS IN ACTION AGAINST REBELS IN ALGERIA : The Fellagha terrorists are at present tying down large French forces in Algeria and Tunis. These two pictures were taken after an action against them in the Aures hills in Algeria. *On left*—Four senior officers interrogate Fellagha prisoners. General Gilles is in the centre and to the right are Colonel Ducourneau, General Cherrière (back to camera) and General Spielman. *On right*—Airborne troops bring in a truckload of captives after the operation.

On left—

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTH AFRICA : Johannes Gerhardus Strijdom, who succeeded Dr. Malan at the beginning of the month. Aged sixty-one, he has many associations with the Transvaal and is known popularly as the "Lion of the North." He is a great exponent of the *Apartheid* policy and often supports his views with quotations from the Old Testament. He made a visit to Britain this year.

On right—

SOUTHERN RHODESIA'S NEW GOVERNOR SWORN IN : The ceremony in Salisbury at which Vice-Admiral Sir Peveril William-Powlett took office. On the right is Mr. Justice Morton, of the Rhodesian High Court. On the left is Sir Robert Tredgold, Chief Justice of Southern Rhodesia, who had been acting as Governor.

The Fellagha are causing a considerable problem to the French authorities in North Africa. It would be easy to dismiss them as bandits, but there is strong evidence that they are receiving support from the Nationalist groups in Algeria and Tunis. And recently Egypt has expressed her sympathy with those "struggling for independence in North Africa."

Some idea of the difficulties of the French in suppressing this terrorism can be gauged from the conditions in the Aures Range, where the two pictures above were taken. The French have undertaken a blockade of the Aures in the hope of stopping outside supplies from reaching the Fellagha. But the Arab appears to require no extraneous supplies, for he can live off the land from practically nothing. When he does wish to replenish his stocks of food, he has only to raid one of the many remote villages.

THE RESTORATION OF A GIGANTIC TIEPOLO : Some of the team of experts are seen at work restoring a vast masterpiece by Tiepolo in Milan. It measures 570 sq. ft. in area, and is believed to be among the largest canvases ever painted. It dates from between 1750 and 1754. Its theme is "The Apotheosis of a Venetian Nobleman." In the left-hand bottom corner is an allegorical group of "Truth Slaying Falsehood," and on the right "Wealth is Aiding Art and Science." The giant canvas was painted in Venice, where Tiepolo was born. It went to private collections in Budapest and Paris. Now it has been purchased by the Milan civic authorities and will be fixed to the ceiling in the Isimbardi Palace. Tiepolo is regarded as the last of the great Venetian school.

THE RETURN OF ALGER HISS : The former American State Department official who had been convicted of perjury in 1951 talking to reporters at the entrance to his apartment house in New York. Alger Hiss had been released from the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, after serving three years and eight months of a five-year sentence. On his release he again protested his innocence of the charges of giving Government documents to a Russian agent, and welcomed the new opportunity of vindicating himself. He may have to give evidence before Congressional Committees.

THE POPE'S ILLNESS

ANXIOUS DAYS IN ROME AS THE POPE RALLIES AFTER A SEVERE HEART ATTACK

THE NEWS REACHES THE CITIZENS OF ROME: People in St. Peter's Square crowd round a newspaper giving news of the Pope's heart attack. He was in a semi-conscious state for nearly four hours, but afterwards his condition improved.

VIGIL OUTSIDE ST. PETER'S: A small crowd waiting all night outside th great bronze door of St. Peter's for further news of the Pope' condition. After two days of anxiety there was some improvement

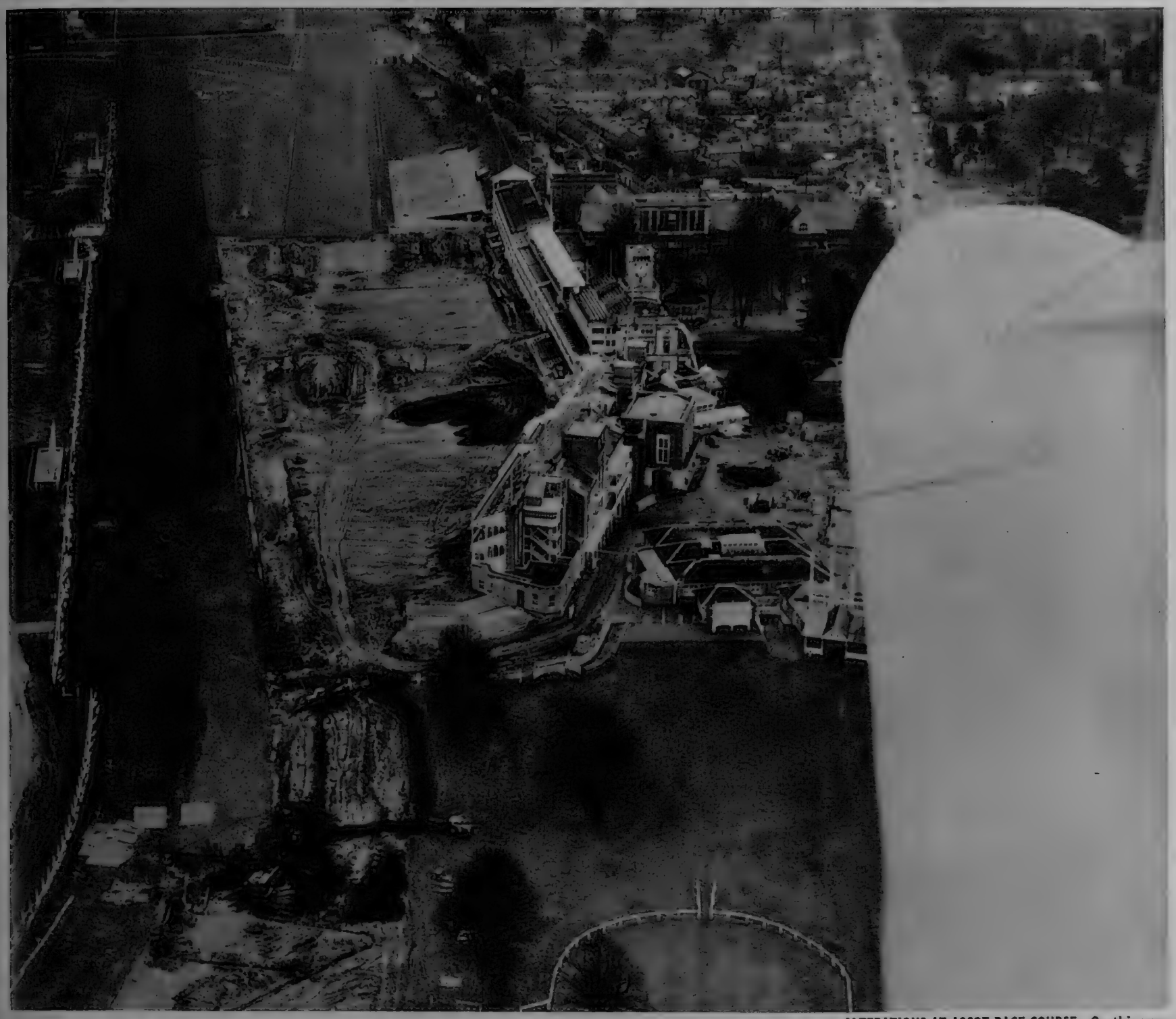
OUTSIDE THE VATICAN: Part of the large crowd which waited all day for reassuring news of the Pope's condition. The Pope's suite in the Vatican Palace is on the top floor of the building in the background. Three days later the Pope was able to broadcast a blessing from his room.

For the second time within a year the world was alarmed by the news of the seriou illness of seventy-eight-year-old Pope Pius XII. Last winter he was left ver weak after recurring attacks of hiccups and a serious stomach ailment. The Pop recovered, but at the end of last week it was announced that he had suffere a heart attack, and that he had been in a semi-conscious state for four hour Later his condition was described as serious but not alarming. Specialists wer called in, and though at one time it was thought that exploratory surgery might b desirable, it was later decided to abandon that idea. Two new doctors, Dr. Paoluc and Dr. Gasbarrini, gave the Pope new treatment which included intravenou injections to feed him. Within three days of the Pope's attack he was able to broad cast a blessing from his sick bed. Meanwhile the Pope's apartment was the scene great activity. His relatives were at the bedside, and Cardinals came to discu Church matters. Throughout Rome crowds gathered to hear the latest bulletin and prayers for the Pope's recovery were said in all churches. The Apostoli Delegation to Great Britain issued to Archbishops and Bishops in Great Britai Gibraltar and Malta, a special request for prayers throughout their diocese

PRAYERS IN THE STREETS: Two women kneeling in St. Peter's Square, praying for the recovery of the seventy-eight-year-old Pope.

THE POPE'S PERSONAL PHYSICIAN: Professor Ricardo Galeazzi-Lisi leaving the Vatican after spending the entire night at the Pope's bedside.

CARDINALS WHO WENT TO THE BEDSIDE: Cardinal Nicola Canali, left, and Cardinal Eugenio Tisserant, centre, Dean of the Cardinals, being ushered to the Pope's bedroom in the Vatican Palace.



ALTERATIONS AT ASCOT RACE-COURSE : On this page are two aerial pictures showing some of the changes now being made in front of the Royal Box and the stands surmounted by the Clock Tower. The Royal Enclosure is to be doubled in size and will be 120 ft. deep instead of 60 ft. Tattersalls and other enclosures will also be enlarged. The extensions will spread over part of the existing course, which will be replaced by a new stretch further away from the stands. *Above* is a view of the area being transformed in front of the Royal Box and stands, cutting across the end of what has hitherto been the New Mile. The new finishing stretch runs up from the left, crossing in the background the turn from the Old Mile Course. These alterations will affect the Royal Drive down the course, for the stretch taken in by the extensions is in line with the Golden Gates, through which the procession enters from Windsor. It is expected the gates will be moved in line with the new strip of the course. *On the left* is a picture from the other side of the new enclosures area. In the background are the Paddock (left) and the bend to the Swinley Course. Improvements have been made on a large scale at Ascot during the past six years.

ENLARGING THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE AT ASCOT

The Extensions now being Made Mean Changes to the Course and a Probable Move of the Golden Gates

b

WOMEN SPECTATORS AT A FANTASIA IN MOROCCO: A picture of some of the onlookers, veiled as all women are according to local custom. A "Fantasia" is a mixture of a horse-show and race-meeting for their menfolk. The horsemen have come from miles around and camped before the day by the arena for the Fantasia. Horsemanship is the main purpose of the festivities, but further colour is added by the presence of numerous side-shows, pedlars and traders, who drive a thriving business from the crowd at this Moroccan holiday.

MODERN FASHION WITH TRADITIONAL COSTUME: This woman is wearing sunglasses and carries a fashionable handbag. But these are only embellishments to her traditional costume and her veiled face.

FANTASIA IN MOROCCO

Pictures from Marrakesh of Some of the Colourful Scenes at a Traditional Display of Arab Horsemanship

This age of machines has still, fortunately, to make its full impact on the Arab peoples. For the most part, they remain devoted to their horses. Morocco is an excellent example. The pictures on these pages show a Fantasia at Marrakesh, a festival at which rider and horse combine to display the best of their abilities.

A Fantasia is a mixture of a horse-show and a race-meeting. In a way, it is in the style of an American rodeo, or one of those gatherings which are held by the cowboys of the Hungarian Puszta. Certainly it is a great and special event in the lives of the Moroccans.

Marrakesh was the scene of this particular occasion. Into the French Moroccan town the participants and the spectators poured days in advance. They came from the Atlas Mountains, from the coast between Agadir and Mogador, and from the uplands south of Casablanca. The grave Arabians on their horses were perhaps representatives of numerous tribal groups, each with its individual history, or members of the entourage of a desert Caid, who holds his dominion by virtue of the authority delegated to him by His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan. Or possibly they were just a family party, headed by a patriarch who seemed to live in his saddle and was followed by generations descending to boys of eight and ten. These youngsters do not carry arms, as their elders do, but they can already handle horses with the certainty of veterans. Needless to say, the horses are of Arab stock, stressing their proud ancestry for this occasion with their trappings of gold and silver, supported by a variety of greens, purples and reds.

So this caparisoned cavalcade rides in splendour from all four quarters into Marrakesh, accompanied by its camp following of women and children—for an Arab man must ride to maintain his manhood. Each group arrives before the day of the Fantasia and sets up its tents among the trees of the olive groves surrounding the arena. In appearance the tents are "bells" with the emblems of families, tribes or other loyalties embroidered on their outsides. Within they are furnished with silk cushions and divans and servants wait with all the paraphernalia for the drinking of mint tea, the symbol of hospitality among the Moors. The tea is brewed over tripod braziers in copper kettles and served on trays of silver, brass or white metal.

THE CLIMAX TO THE FANTASIA: The horsemen are charging down on the spectators in a chaotic movement known to the Moors as a "powder play." A few yards from the onlookers they fire their matchlocks into the air, still riding at full speed. Then, when it seems they cannot avoid sweeping into the crowd, they rein their horses to a full stop. These exciting charges of family, tribal, or Caidal groups take place at the end of the day

The main purpose of the gathering is a demonstration of horsemanship. Before the day, riders will be seen exercising their mounts and preparing to prove themselves in the various contests. But a Fantasia also attracts plenty of people who have come neither to participate nor to watch. A feature which adds to the colourful scene is the number of those there on business.

There are water-carriers, in their elaborate straw hats decorated with bobbles of coloured wool and silk. They carry their dripping water-skins slung on a harness, from which the communal drinking-bowls hang convenient for any customer. Vying with them are butchers, who will serve a cut of mutton from the sheep's carcass swinging on the gibbet before their stalls. For entertainment one can listen goggle-eyed to the tales of professional story-tellers—the local equivalent to journalists—or watch the slow-moving steps of the Chleuh dancing-boys, dressed in their white robes and having the expressions of Reynolds' cherubs somehow transplanted into a desert setting. There are food vendors, clothes dealers, quacks, charlatans and mountebanks of every kind. For those who are sick, the doctor is ready outside his tent, with a dispensary of all manner of drugs and magic.

On Fantasia day many of the spectators, being women, will remain veiled. But a western touch is imparted to the scene by the fact that some of them wear sunglasses and carry fashionable handbags. A part of the male element which moves amongst them is composed of beggars. Their importunings do not go unanswered, for in the eyes of Allah it is better to give than to receive.

The display of horsemanship and contests between the riders follows a pattern as old as Morocco itself. It has changed hardly at all since Western travellers first recorded it. The climax comes at the end of the day, when the Moors indulge in what is known in their own language as "powder play."

At the far end of the arena, the horsemen line up in their family, tribal or Caidal groups. The number of

A FAMILIAR DOMESTIC SIGHT BEHIND THE SCENES : Horse-riding is dusty work. In between the competitions and demonstrations the horsemen have their djellabas, or overcoats, washed. Three of them are seen drying here.

A MEDICAL CONSULTING-ROOM : The doctor, sitting on the ground, is treating one of his patients. His dispensary includes herb and root lotions, and a great deal of magic.

A SIMPLE METHOD OF RELAXATION : A spectator relaxes in the local manner. He has folded himself cocoon-like into his djellaba and pulled the hood down. The magic "eyes" on the hood protect him from evil.

On right—

THE WATER-CARRIER : His presence is essential. He wears an elaborate straw hat decorated with coloured bobbles. He carries his water-skin from the harness over his shoulder, to which drinking-bowls are attached.

Below—

VEILED AND MYSTERIOUS : Hundreds of women come to see the Fantasia. A group of them is seen here standing by the arena. They remain veiled and mysterious figures.

AN ENTERTAINMENT BY DANCING-BOYS : A white-robed Chleuh boy performs to the accompaniment of traditional instruments. These boys are trained in slow, monotonous steps, which have not changed for centuries.

each may vary from as few as two to as many as twenty-five or thirty. The larger the group the greater the excitement to the spectators. Each group performs in turn. Behind its leader, it trots for perhaps 50 yards towards the crowd of onlookers at the far end. Then the leader suddenly holds his matchlock rifle high above his head. This is the expected signal. The group breaks into a charge. No formation is kept. It is a chaotic gallop. Nearer and nearer, and faster and faster they ride at the spectators. It seems there must be a massacre. Ten yards from the end comes the highest point of the drama. The leader signals again. Every matchlock is raised to the shoulder and a volley goes into the air. Reins are flying loose, horses foaming. Then—it seems a miracle—the riders pull to a dead stop right on top of the crowd.

To see this feat of horsemanship alone is worth a journey from further afield than the Moroccan hills. The whole aspect of a Fantasia is a reminder of how much of the world still lives upon the tradition of centuries.

THE COVERED BAZAAR IN ISTANBUL IS GUTTED : This picture, taken the day after the fire, shows the ruins still smouldering. In the background, behind the minarets of the mosques, is the Bosphorus. The fire, which it is believed was started by an electrical short circuit in a cotton mattress shop, destroyed half of the 4,000 tiny shops which make up this famous bazaar. It is estimated that the damage is over £60,000,000, that 1,300 people are homeless and some 20,000 out of work. Seventy fire-engines and all the city fire brigade staff worked for over five hours to master the blaze, and Istanbul's fire chief and ten other firemen received burns and other injuries while trying to enter the bazaar. All hydrants were pumped dry and water had to be piped from the Bosphorus. President Bayar and Cabinet Ministers hurried to Istanbul from Ankara as soon as the extent of the damage became known and made an inspection of the damaged area. It has been stated that the fire was the biggest in the district for more than thirty years. The covered bazaar, which is well known to tourists, on whom it thrives, consists of thousands of tiny shops where almost any article in the world can be bought.

FIRE IN A TURKISH BAZAAR

Over Half of the Famous Covered Bazaar at Istanbul is Destroyed by Fire

THE WHITE HEAT OF THE BAZAAR INFERNO : In many places the heat was so great that the lead which covered the roofs and even the large iron gates leading to the bazaar melted. Twenty-four hours after the fire had started, the ruins were still smouldering in many places.

THE GRAND BAZAAR AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE : This renowned shopping centre was founded on its present site by Sultan Mohammed II, and was built round the ruins of the Royal Byzantine stables.

THE WAKE OF THE FIRE : This picture was taken in one of the many covered lanes that comprise the bazaar. The maze of passageways is divided into districts, each specialising in different goods.

LOCUSTS STRIKE MOROCCO

Every Modern Method is being Used to Combat this Pest Invasion which is Devouring Fields and Plantations

A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS RAVAGES MOROCCO: For several weeks successive waves of desert locusts have been scourging South-Western Morocco. Fertile fields, flourishing vineyards and plantations of fruit-trees have been stripped in a few hours in the Sous Valley. All modern methods are being employed against the pests. *On left*—A truck equipped with spraying apparatus starts to repel a mass attack on a farm. *On right*—A pedestrian meets a "curtain" of locusts moving up a road.

A CAR IN A BLIZZARD OF LOCUSTS: The pests surround it in their thousands in the air and on the ground. In a few minutes they work like a great flail on all greenery and crops in their passage, leaving behind them a barren wilderness. In the last thirty years international action has been taken to combat these plagues in the Middle East and Africa.

AN ARAB WOMAN WALKS INTO THE ADVANCE GUARD: A scene which is too unhappily familiar in Africa and the Middle East. Soon the woman and her donkey will come against the full invasion. Then nothing will be left of the trees except the skeletons of their trunks.

"The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." The words of the Prophet Joel still apply to-day to the pest of the locust which has ravaged the Middle East and Africa as long as Man's history has been recorded.

One of the present victims to be suffering an invasion of these pests is Morocco. Successive waves of desert locusts have swept up from the south into the south-west of the country, leaving their usual path of devastation behind them. The careful work of years of cultivation of crops and fruit plantations has disappeared in a few hours. Several millions of these insects, each weighing a tenth of an ounce, have swarmed on to thriving agricultural and fruit-growing communities. For the best part of 2,000 years men fought locusts in a haphazard way. It was not until the 1920's that it was appreciated that this international menace required international action. More recently a crucial campaign has been started against locust breeding-grounds by the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organisation.

In Morocco the French authorities are employing every modern aid against the invaders. Hundreds of tons of insecticide are being sprayed from trucks and from the air. Mr. J. S. Hewitt, the Chief Field Officer of the Desert Locust Control in Nairobi, has gone to Morocco to observe and advise on the measures being taken there.

THE VILLAINS AT WORK: Locusts have settled on a fruit-tree. For every insect destroyed ten take its place. This is one of the problems with which the locust fighters have to contend in their war.

NEW BUILDINGS FOR NIGERIA'S UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

University College, Ibadan, is being Endowed with a New Library, Chapel, Assembly Hall, Theatre and Teaching Hospital

To keep pace with the political and economic development of Nigeria, the University College at Ibadan was founded in 1947. It was recognised that facilities for higher education were essential if Africans were to assume leadership and responsibility in their country's affairs. The plans of the College authorities for further expansion have been given a tremendous fillip by the munificent gifts of industrial concerns and a number of other organisations; these have made possible the erection of a number of important new buildings.

The library, which has not yet been completed, is a building of six floors, including basement and ground-floor. In it 250,000 volumes can be accommodated, and 250 readers can be seated. Among its notable features are the spacious reference reading rooms on the ground-floor, the individual research rooms on the upper floors, and the fine room which houses a special collection of Africana. Part of the cost, £144,000, is defrayed by a Colonial Development and Welfare grant, and it is expected that by the time the library is completed substantial contributions will be made by the Nigerian Government.

THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING: There are six floors in the library of University College, Ibadan. It has a capacity of 250,000 volumes, and can seat 250 readers. On the upper floors there are research rooms which can be used for private study.

The chapel is a building of unusual design, the work of Mr. George O. Pace. An outstanding feature is the large span of the parabolic vault, which is achieved without the use of pillars. The acoustics have been improved by a specially constructed concrete reredos, and by lining the roof with selotex. The altar is constructed of stone imported from the United Kingdom, and a cross is suspended from the chancel roof. There are wrought-iron gates, and a covered path leads to the belfry. A carved sculpture group by Ben Enwonwu, representing the risen Christ and Mary Magdalene, is by the entrance to the chapel. It is a gift of the Shell Company of West Africa.

The chapel has at present accommodation for 350, but it is hoped eventually to seat a congregation of 600. The total cost of the building is £30,000: £14,000 has been given by the University College, £10,000 by the Christian Council of Nigeria, and £6,000 by private subscription.

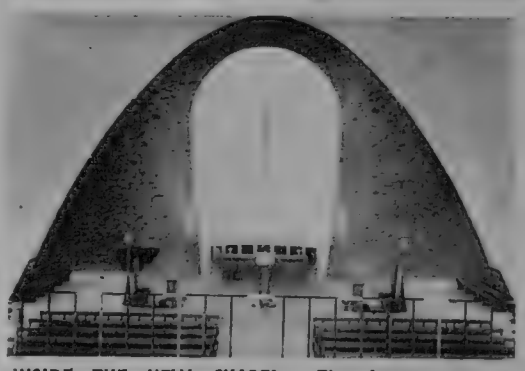
Last month Lord Leverhulme opened the University College's new Assembly Hall. This is the gift of the United Africa Company, and is named after Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Trenchard, the Company's chairman for seventeen years. Although primarily intended for college ceremonial occasions, lectures, meetings and examinations, Trenchard Hall will also serve the social life of the undergraduates, for it is suitable for dances and, with a stage incorporated in its design, for theatrical performances. The hall itself will hold up to 1,000 people, and the balcony will accommodate 250. The building has cost £61,000.

The Arts Theatre has been built at a cost of £25,000, granted under the Colonial Development and Welfare Scheme. It has fixed seating accommodation for 300 and can be used for lectures and films, as well as theatrical performances.

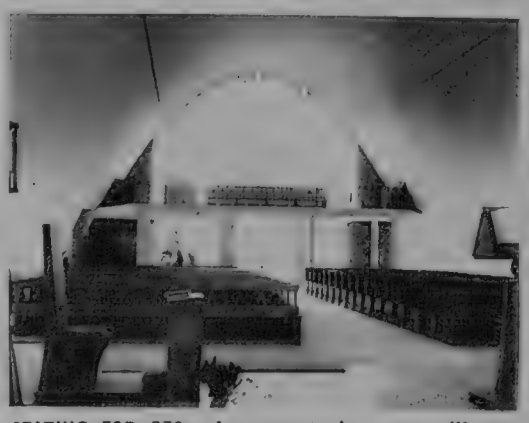
One of the most notable additions to the University College is only just beginning to take shape. This is the great teaching hospital, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Governor-General of Nigeria last month. After £3,500,000 has been spent on building and equipping it, the hospital will be one of the finest in Africa. There are 510 beds, and when it is fully functioning it is hoped that about fifty doctors will qualify each year. It is an ambitious programme, but fully in keeping with the progressiveness and foresight of University College, Ibadan.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CHAPEL: A feature of the building is the parabolic vault which attains a large span without the use of pillars. The chapel has been designed by Mr. George O. Pace.

"THE RISEN CHRIST": This carved sculpture group, standing at the entrance to the new chapel, is by Mr. Ben Enwonwu. It is the gift of the Shell Company of West Africa.



INSIDE THE NEW CHAPEL: The large concrete reredos has improved the acoustics of the building. The altar is constructed of stone imported from the United Kingdom, and the large cross is suspended from the chancel roof.



SEATING FOR 350: At present the pews will seat 350 in the chapel, but eventually it is hoped to provide additional seating for another 250 people.

A NEW HALL FOR THE IBADAN COLLEGE: Trenchard Hall, the gift of the United Africa Company, was opened last month by Lord Leverhulme. It will serve for ceremonial occasions, meetings, examinations, and for social events and dramatics.

"THE SAIL OF TRAFFIC GLIDES WITH CEASELESS INTERCOURSE": Wordsworth's view of Britain's waterways is no longer universally applicable, but on this stretch of the northern section of the Oxford Canal there is still considerable traffic. The Oxford Canal is a branch connection of the Grand Union Canal which links London with the Midlands; its attractive surroundings alone, apart from any commercial use, justify its preservation.

BRITAIN'S INLAND WATERWAYS

The Problems which Face some of Our Canals and Waterways are Once Again the Subject of an Inquiry which Aims at Making this Form of Transport a Paying Proposition

By JOHN WILLIAMS

TO enjoy the placid beauty of Britain you could do much worse than tour the canals and inland waterways that meander for 2,000 miles through some of the country's loveliest scenery. But this fluid network was not planned for beauty, and the engineers who built the canals as a first-line means of transport would to-day find too many stretches of them reposing in a peace unruffled enough to suggest stagnation.

Business is brisk on the "broad" waterways of the Thames, Severn, Mersey and Humber, where the tankers and bigger barges ply between ports and inland destinations. It is on some of the "narrow" waterways, the routes for interior distribution and long-distance traffic, that once-busy trade has dropped to a minimum, leaving weeds to grow apace, banks to crumble and sad signs of decay to set in.

Wordsworth, man of the canal age, romantically called Britain's waterways "stately roads" on which "the sail of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse." But that was before the railways came to end the canals' seventy-year heyday which had started in 1761 with the Duke of Bridgewater's coal-carrying canal from Worsley to Manchester. And now for over a century they have been declining in importance, to become in the last fifty years an official "problem" which has been investigated by two Royal Commissions and a Departmental Committee and frequently discussed in Parliament.

Most recently the British Transport Commission, after six years' experience of this difficult legacy, has set up a small survey board to probe once more the possibilities of making a going concern of what has been called the Cinderella of the transport services.

The board is to see whether everything possible is being done to get the most out of the canal system, and suggest how those waterways no longer commercially workable should be dealt with. This sounds like an admission that some could be scrapped. And indeed scrapping might be the best policy in view of the neglect and dilapidation into which they have fallen ever since the railways started filching their trade back in the 1840's.

Instead of helping themselves by co-ordination and standardisation the waterways languished for decades under the damaging handicaps of diverse ownership, varied gauges and length of locks and lack of through routes. Even when the three official reports of 1909, 1921 and 1931 urged their unification into a public trust, nothing was done. And though the Second World War brought about an *ad hoc* amalgamation, and by 1947 about a third of them had come under railway control, it remained for nationalisation in 1948 to pull together for the first time the whole disjointed system of seventeen separately and independently-owned undertakings, two State-owned and some thirty owned by the railways.

To increase the canals' parlous state in the inter-war years came the periodic depressions in the heavy industries which had given them much of their business, and growing competition from road transport.

How far the canals have declined as a carrier is shown by the annual tonnage figures for the last thirty years. Just before the First World War the year's haul was some 40,000,000 tons; in 1924 it had dropped to less than 16,500,000; at the end of the Second World War it was down to 10,000,000 (a record minimum), and this was about the figure at which the Transport Commission took them over.

Under the Commission's handling the annual haulage has risen steadily in the last few years until in 1953 it was over 12,500,000 tons. This is modestly encouraging. But there is another side to the picture. Ninety-eight per cent. of the traffic is carried on only 1,200 of the 2,000-odd miles of waterway (which do not include the Manchester Ship Canal and a few other routes), leaving the virtually unused residue of 800 to eat up the profits in maintenance costs. The Chairman of the Commission's Docks and Inland Waterways Board of Management spotlights the

(Continued on page 472)

FAMILY LIFE AT THE SOUTHALL OPERATIONAL BASE: *On left*—Part of the large fleet of long-distance narrow boats at Bull's Bridge, Southall, Middlesex. Here the Docks and Inland Waterways Executive has its operational base and maintenance depot, and here, too, the families of the crews meet. *On right*—Children of the crews attend school on a converted boat in the intervals between journeys on the waterways.

BRITAIN'S INLAND WATERWAYS *(Continued)*

PLEASURE-CRAFT ON THE MACCLESFIELD CANAL : This canal, which is for narrow craft with a capacity of not more than 25 tons, is not merely a waterway for holidaymakers. It provides a link between Liverpool and Merseyside and the coal-mining and pottery manufacturing areas of North Staffordshire.

AN OCCASIONAL HAZARD ON ALL WATERWAYS : During the great frost of 1947 these boats on the Bridgewater Canal, Manchester, were ice-bound for over a week. The canal is used for bringing coal to local electrical works and power stations.

"TOM PUDDINGS" TAKE COAL TO GOOLE : There are 650 of these special compartment boats which convey coal from the Yorkshire collieries to Goole Docks for shipment. The nineteen "Tom Puddings" which are seen above can carry 700 tons.

THROUGH A SEVERN LOCK : The motor-vessel *Severn Voyager*, owned by the Severn Carrying Company, is just leaving the Southern Lock Gates at Bevere. She was on her way to Avonmouth after delivering her cargo of gas oil at Stourport. The Severn Waterway route extends from the Bristol Channel to Stourport.

AN OUTING ON THE REGENT'S CANAL, LONDON : An excursion leaving Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, on its way to the Regent's Canal Dock at Limehouse. The boats went through Regent's Park, Wenlock Basin, Victoria Park and Mile End.

THE PEACEFUL SETTING OF A MIDLAND CANAL: The tranquil scene in the Warwickshire countryside on the Oxford Canal, near Rugby. There are many people who have explored the placid beauty of Britain's countryside by rambling along the canals and waterways which extend over some 2,000 miles. Yet almost the entire traffic carried on Britain's canals moves along 1,200 miles only, leaving 800 miles of waterway to be maintained at heavy losses. This is the most pressing problem affecting the waterways.

A CANAL HOLIDAY: Two holidaymakers enjoy a drink at a canal-side inn after helping their butty through the lock. In the foreground is a traditional painted canal water-bucket. There is a scheme under consideration for turning certain canals into pleasaunces.

ON THE REGENT'S CANAL: The City Road entrance to the Islington tunnel on the canal which completely circumscribes London. The Regent's Canal serves not only the many wharves, power stations and gas-works in the metropolitan area, but also links the docks with the Midlands. At the Regent's Canal Dock at Limehouse cargoes for destinations to the Midlands and beyond are loaded from steamers there, and at Brentford traffic is transhipped from river barges to craft of the Docks and Inland Waterways Executive.

On left—

ON THE OXFORD CANAL: Between London and the Midlands the country around the canals is almost entirely rural. The Oxford Canal is limited to narrow boats with a maximum capacity of 25 to 30 tons; most of them ply between wharves, warehouses and distribution depots on the canal.

SCOTLAND'S WATERWAYS DO NOT LACK SCENERY: A vessel approaching the Caledonian Canal from Loch Linnhe, near Fort William, with Ben Nevis in the background. The canal links the North Sea with the Atlantic Ocean, running south-westwards through the Great Glen from Inverness to Fort William. The Caledonian Canal's magnificent scenery makes a great appeal to tourists and yachtsmen, but it also provides commercial advantages of which Scottish industry makes the fullest use.

BRITAIN'S INLAND WATERWAYS

(*Concluded from page 469*)

problem by stating: "In terms of net receipts some 850 miles of the Commission's waterways earn a profit of about £300,000 a year, while the remainder lose £400,000."

With the most efficient management in the world it is hard for the canal business to keep its head above water while this kind of financial leak goes on. Too often it is the price of maintaining and keeping open a now almost disused urban back-water or weed-grown rustic reach from which the once-flourishing traffic has departed. And the present uneconomic situation adds force to the cry that canals as a whole are finished and should be written-off as an outmoded means of transport.

Yet Britain's canal system is far from dead. Portions of it are playing a vital part as a pipe-line for Britain's commerce. In England the system bestrides the country's industrial heart in a strategic and symmetrical pattern. Based on the four great estuaries of the Thames, Severn, Mersey and Humber, with their ports of London, Bristol, Liverpool and Hull, it casts its network inward to the Midlands, whose hub is the "canal metropolis" of Birmingham. James Brindley and his fellow engineers saw the natural advantages of this lie-of-the-land when they drove their early waterways through the eighteenth-century shires. And that same pattern forms the basis of to-day's fourfold division (South-Eastern, South-Western, North-Western and North-Eastern) of British Waterways. Scotland's canals, the Caledonian, Crinan, Forth and Clyde, and Union, being right outside this system, are (though still under British Waterways) run as a separate entity.

The plight of some of the inland waterways is partly due to the impossibility of widening them and their locks to take the through traffic of bigger craft. It is in the estuaries or canalised rivers, linking the ports with the inland centres, that canal transport is effectively pulling its weight to-day. Here the cargoes are discharged overside from sea-going ships into tankers, lighters and barges—some of 400 tons capacity—and taken direct to the inland oil installations, warehouses, factories and distribution centres. And back to the ports, in the same vessels, go manufactured goods for export.

Last year over half the total canal traffic was coal. Some of it went down to the ports for export or coast-wise transit in the trains of tug-hauled compartment boats ("Tom Puddings"), specially used for the carrying traffic from the Yorkshire collieries to Goole Docks. (A unit of nineteen of these can haul a 700-ton load.) But a great deal went direct from the collieries, via the narrower internal canals, to the power stations and other inland works. For this sort of traffic, boats no wider than 7 ft. are used, and these serve the industrial and agricultural areas, plying to and fro between the wharves, warehouses and distribution depots on canals like the Grand Union, the Trent and Mersey, the Shropshire Union, the Oxford, and the Worcester and Birmingham, with sand, pottery materials, paper, chemicals, timber, sugar, wool, agricultural products and general merchandise.

To carry these varied cargoes on the broad and narrow canals there is a fleet of some 7,000 assorted craft, of which nearly 1,200 are run by British Waterways.

Canal traffic to-day is essentially a short-haul business. For though some of the canals are of considerable length (Grand Union, London to Birmingham, 140 miles; Leeds and Liverpool, 130 miles; Trent Navigation, 95 miles) and a few transits (as between the Mersey ports and the West Riding, the Humber and Nottingham, the Bristol Channel and the Midlands) cover fair distances, the average journey of canal-borne goods is only 16½ miles, compared with the average rail-haul of over 73 miles. This is an indication of the predominantly local service that canals are rendering.

TRANSPORTING OIL BY INLAND WATERWAY: Oil tankers are seen on the Gloucester Ship Canal making their way down to Sharpness. The petroleum traffic between Sharpness, Gloucester and Birmingham is steadily increasing.

Running Britain's canals and inland waterways in 1954 really comprises a triple task. First, there is the vital need for new technical development. The North-Western division has been trying out craft made of high-tensile steel which weigh about 5½ tons less and carry 10 per cent. more load than similar craft made of mild steel. Another experiment is the use of tractors instead of horses for towing barges. And a hydraulic research laboratory to study canal problems was opened last year.

Then there is the problem of maintenance—necessary even on canals which are getting a minimum use. Bank protection alone cost £340,000 in 1953 and is an increasing commitment owing to the age of many canals and the greater employment of powered craft.

Thirdly, there is the burden of the obsolete waterways, and the most realistic way to deal with these routes "no longer required for commercial navigation" is to abandon them, as the Transport Commission are trying to do with 16½ miles in the Midlands and a short stretch of the Monmouthshire and Brecon Canal.

Amid the too-common experience of derelict canals it is encouraging—and not only for sentimental canal-lovers—to hear voices raised for the reviving of a moribund waterway. There is talk of reopening the Kennet and Avon Canal, the 100-miles stretch of which links Bristol and London. It cost £1,000,000 to build in 1810, and for the last twenty years most of it has lain neglected, weed-covered and unnavigable. Now two Bath business men are gathering support for a project to clear it and get the barges moving on it again. One carrier has offered to take 1,800 tons a week through it. And it has been suggested that it might serve as a water highway for heavy goods going to Aldermaston atomic research establishment. Here, maybe, is a pointer to the restoration of other decaying canals which can take advantage of new industries sited on their banks.

Such revivals would be welcome, but meanwhile there remains the basic problem of the canals—how to fit a transport system designed for the needs of yesterday to the changed requirements of to-day. The Chairman of the Docks and Inland Waterways Board of Management visualises a sorting-out of the canal network into three categories: a reduced mileage of commercially-used navigations; a considerable mileage, commercially unimportant, which could be preserved as pleasaunces or for purposes of drainage or water supply; and sites which should be put to redevelopment.

This kind of realistic treatment is essential if British Waterways are to have a future. Some such policy of cutting losses is badly wanted. And the "pleasaunce" idea is highly attractive. There are signs from the increasing use of the canals for touring and pleasure boating that full exploitation on these lines might pay. It would be nice to think that even if many waterways had ceased to fulfil their primary function their scenic beauties might put them on the map once more, alongside their commercially thriving and more utilitarian neighbours.

SIR WILLIAM WALTON'S OPERA

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA," THE BRITISH COMPOSER'S FIRST OPERA, WAS PRODUCED AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, LAST WEEK

The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, staged last week a rare musical event: the première of the first opera by a well-established British composer. *Troilus and Cressida* is Sir William Walton's first major work for seven years. He was commissioned to write the opera by the British Broadcasting Corporation (the first time this has been done), and though Sir William had not written an opera before, the task was safely entrusted to the composer of "Belshazzar's Feast." For his librettist Sir William Walton had Christopher Hassall. He has taken the plot from Chaucer and the early medieval sources, though he has freely adapted throughout.

The opera has brought other great talents together. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts at Covent Garden for the first time since 1936. The producer is George Devine, who recently produced *Nelson* for Sadler's Wells. The scenery has been designed by Sir Hugh Casson, who was responsible for the notable designs for the Glyndebourne production of *Alceste*. The costumes are by Malcolm Pride. Richard Lewis and the Hungarian Magda Laszlo are in the title-roles, and others in the cast are Frederick Dalberg, as Calkas, the High Priest, Otakar Kraus (Diomede), Peter Pears (Pandarus), Geraint Evans (Antenor) and Monica Sinclair (Evadne).

THE HIGH PRIEST AND THE PEOPLE OF TROY: Frederick Dalberg, as Calkas, the High Priest, singing in the Citadel of Troy in the first act of *Troilus and Cressida*. Sir William Walton's first opera had its première at Covent Garden last week. The libretto is by Christopher Hassall.

IN DUET: The roles of Troilus and Cressida are sung by Richard Lewis and Magda Laszlo. The scenery is designed by Sir Hugh Casson.

THE GREEK ENCAMPMENT: Cressida with her father, the High Priest Calkas, in the third act. The costumes are designed by Malcolm Pride.

COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR: Sir William Walton, left, with Sir Malcolm Sargent. The latter is conducting at Covent Garden for the first time since 1936. There will be seven performances of the opera between December and February, when the company goes on tour.

CRESSIDA'S CHOICE: The High Priest's daughter has to choose between Troilus, standing behind her, and Diomede, at right. *Troilus and Cressida* is the first opera commissioned by the B.B.C. for stage and broadcasting. It is Walton's first major work for seven years.

THE PRINCE OF ARGOS TAKES THE STAGE: Otakar Kraus, as Diomede, the Prince, sings to Cressida, and, left, her servant Evadne (Monica Sinclair). The opera has been produced by George Devine.

ENGLAND WIN AT WEMBLEY

Germany, Champions of the World, who were Hard Hit by Injuries, Lost the International Match in London by 3 Goals to 1

SAVED ! Herkenrath, the German goalkeeper, takes flight as he pushes a shot from Bentley round the post. Herkenrath's goalkeeping played a leading part in keeping the margin of England's win over Germany down to three goals to one.

GOAL ! The last-minute despairing dive through the air by England's goalkeeper Williams is of no avail, and Beck, the German outside left, scores his country's only goal in the international match at Wembley last week. The goal came fifteen minutes from the end, when England were leading 2—0, but a goal by Shackleton five minutes later made England's victory over Germany secure.

It was unfortunate that the German team which was decisively beaten at Wembley last week bore little resemblance to the one that gained the World Cup last summer. Despite the fact that only three members of that fine team were playing, however, England's victory by three goals to one does raise hopes that a revival in English football is at hand. The manner of England's victory was curious, for her forwards should have scored many more goals than they did. This was in part due to the fine German defence, in which Liebrich, the centre-half, and Herkenrath, the goalkeeper, were quite outstanding; while the German backs and half-backs covered a break-through time and again. But the finishing near goal of the England forward line was often weak, and could not compare with the first-time shooting of the Hungarians.

Outstanding in England's side was that old warrior Matthews, who often seemed to be in a class of his own. Shackleton showed individual brilliance, and the defence looked sounder than it has done for a long time. England took the lead in the twenty-seventh minute, when one of Matthews' perfect centres was headed home by the ever-vigilant Bentley. Three minutes after half-time Allen ran a loose ball into the net after the German goalkeeper had made a daring save at the feet of Finney. England then relaxed their hold for a while, and instantly the Germans took advantage. With fifteen minutes to go Beck shot low into the corner of the England net, and there were visions of the sort of last-minute recovery which beat the Hungarians in Switzerland. But it was not to be, for five minutes later Shackleton, who had earlier missed a chance with an open goal, chipped the ball past Herkenrath to make the match secure and give England a most welcome victory.

ENGLAND'S FIRST GOAL : Liebrich, the German centre-half, is still in the air as he makes an acrobatic attempt to save the header from Bentley (No. 8), which made England's first goal. Immediately behind Liebrich is goalkeeper Herkenrath, and in front of him the German captain, Posipal. Other players in the picture are, from left, Beck, Pfeiffer, Allen, Harpers, and, watching in the background, can be seen the Italian referee, Y. Orlandini.

A DARING DIVE : The German goalkeeper dives at the feet of Finney after the England outside-left had beaten Posipal, the German captain and right back, who sits discomfited on the ground. Herkenrath made many such spectacular saves in the game.

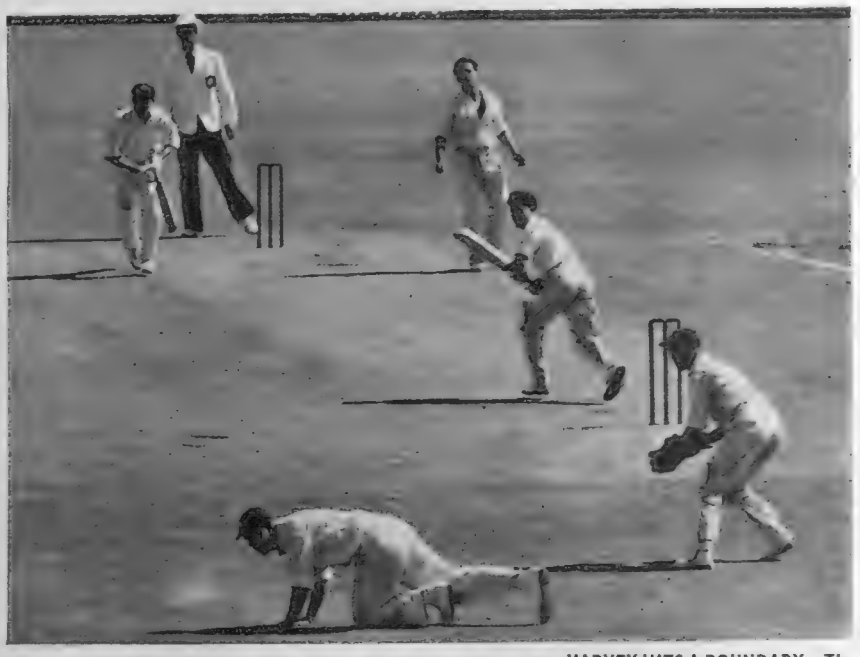
PAS DE DEUX : These two players in the international match at Wembley are caught in unusual postures by the camera. In fact, Bentley, England's inside-right, in dark shirt, has missed the ball after being tackled by left-half Harpers.

ENGLAND LOSE AT BRISBANE

The All-round Superiority of Australia Enabled Her to Win the First Test Match by an Innings and 154 Runs

ENGLAND MISS THEIR CHANCES : May diving to a hard chance from Morris off the new-ball bowling of Bedser early on the second day of the Test match. Others in the picture are Harvey, at the other end, wicket-keeper Andrew, and Edrich.

Everything possible went wrong for England from the moment that the team for the first Test Match at Brisbane was announced, and Australia ran out deserved winners by an innings and 154 runs with a day to spare. Having been put in to bat on a wicket which proved to be docile from beginning to end, the Australians compiled a score of 601 for 8 declared. For this they were chiefly indebted to a partnership of 202 between the left-handers Morris and Harvey. Neither were in their best form at the beginning, but scores of 153 and 162 are not easy to make in any Test Match. Hole (57) and the amazing Lindwall (64) also played their parts, while Miller's innings of 49 was almost in his best vein. England's all-speed attack stuck manfully to its task in the hot Brisbane sun, but too many catches, quite a dozen, were dropped. Disaster had struck England on the very first morning, for Compton had broken a finger while fielding, so that England's reply had to be made by virtually ten men. Four of these succeeded in losing their wickets for 25 in England's first innings, and only a good, obstinate 40 by Cowdrey, playing in his first Test Match, and a magnificent fighting innings of 88 by Bailey, gave the English total some respectability. Following on 411 runs behind, England's openers again failed, but this time Edrich and May made a stand. The Australians, however, who bowled with great keenness, were not to be denied victory. Edrich made 88, and Tyson, who had a good match all round, scored 37 not out, but soon after tea on the fifth day Australia had won.



HARVEY HITS A BOUNDARY : The Australian batsman has cut the ball past Cowdrey at slip off the bowling of Bailey. Harvey scored 162. The batsman at the other end is Hole.

On left—

A SNICK FOR MORRIS : The ball speeds to the boundary between Andrew and Bedser as the bowler, Tyson, clenches his fists. Morris played a fine and confident innings of 153.

BEDSER DROPS HARVEY AT 103 : The Australian gave a hard caught-and-bowled chance to Bedser, who caught the ball but then let it rebound out of his hands. This was only one of some dozen chances missed by the England players.

A FINE RUN-OUT : Andrew whips off the bails to run out Hole, who had made 57. In attempting to take a second run off Bedser, Hole was beaten by a fine throw from the boundary by Tyson, who had bowled and fielded with great zest.

HARVEY HAS ANOTHER ESCAPE : Andrew diving for a difficult chance on the leg-side off the bowling of Tyson. Harvey at this stage had scored 72. His long innings was not one of his best, for he gave no fewer than five possible catches.

COMPTON COMES IN—AND GOES OUT : A jubilant appeal by the Australians as Compton is caught by Langley behind the wicket off Benaud before he had scored. Despite his broken finger, Compton had gone in at No. 10 in England's second innings.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

IN ENGLAND AND WALES

NEWS PICTURES OF EVENTS IN LONDON, CARDIFF, LIVERPOOL AND THE THAMES VALLEY

FASHIONS FOR ROYALTY—QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET ATTEND A SPECIAL DRESS SHOW : The Queen Mother and the Princess are seen with dress designer Hardy Amies at the fashion show held at the Carlton House Terrace home of Viscountess Camrose. At this show, the top twelve British designers exhibited their latest creations, some specially designed for the occasion. Among other visitors was Madame Massigli, the wife of the French Ambassador.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF CARDIFF : Prince Philip is seen in the City Hall as the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, Alderman G. Llewellyn Ferrier, presents him with the casket containing the scroll admitting the Duke as a Freeman of the city. During his six-hour visit to the city, Prince Philip visited the Cardiff University College Students Union.

DIESEL-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES ARE EXPORTED TO NIGERIA : The first of a number of 750-h.p. Diesel-electric locomotives which have been built by the English Electric Company for use in Nigeria is seen being lifted on to the motor vessel *Niger Palm* in the Herculaneum Dock at Liverpool. These locomotives, which weigh 53 tons, and are 38 ft. long, will be the first to be used in Nigeria.

THE PRESENTATION OF MEDALS AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY : Dr. E. D. Adrian, O.M., the President of the Royal Society, presenting the Royal "A" Medal to Sir John Cockcroft for his work on nuclear and atomic physics. The presentation was one of many which were made at the annual anniversary meeting of the Royal Society in London. Later in the day a dinner was held at the Dorchester Hotel.

On right—

"GHOST" TRAINS ARE TO IMPROVE THE EFFICIENCY OF THE LONDON UNDERGROUND SERVICES : An engineer is seen adjusting the de-icing device fitted to one of these special trains which is stationed at Golders Green. The "Ghost" trains (there are seventeen of them) are run over the open sections of underground routes on frosty nights, to keep the rails clear. The trains are fitted with a unit which sprays anti-icing fluid over the rails.

THE INAUGURATION OF A NEW TRAFFIC LIGHTS SYSTEM FOR OXFORD STREET : Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, the Minister of Transport, is seen speaking at the inauguration ceremony. With him is the Mayor of Marylebone. This new system which, it is hoped, will speed the flow of traffic through the West End, replaces the older system, which was first used in 1930. Under the old system, lights were changed at fixed intervals, but now special detector pads in the road will assess the number of vehicles passing and will work the lights accordingly.

FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY: These two pictures from Maidenhead show the extent of the floods in that area. *On left*—A man uses a punt to make his way down Court Road and, *on right*, the arch of Archway House, also in Court Road, becomes a bridge as the flood waters surround it. The floods in this area occurred shortly after those in the West Country and were caused mainly by the swollen streams of Oxfordshire and Berkshire spilling their waters into the Thames. An official of the Thames Conservancy Board said that the water level was the highest recorded in the Thames since 1947.

THE 2500th STAMP AUCTION BY H. R. HARMER LTD., OF BOND STREET: A general view of the auction rooms, where many buyers from the Continent and from America competed. The most important lot of the sale, the twenty-two sheets containing 10,422 American stamps issued in 1893 for the Columbian Exposition, were bought by an American buyer, Mr. Raymond Wiell, of New Orleans, for £13,250. This was almost twice the price which was expected.

R.A.F. APPRENTICES LEARN ABOUT "GEORGE": These boys, at the R.A.F. "High School of the Air" at Cosford, near Wolverhampton, are having the functions of the automatic pilot system explained to them by Corporal H. C. Charlton, the instructor. At Cosford, boys from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, who wish to make their career in the Royal Air Force as technicians, are given a thorough training in their particular subject before being posted to squadron service. The school teaches every branch of aeronautical engineering and maintenance, and even has classes for would-be R.A.F. cooks.

THE ANNUAL SWEDISH CHRISTMAS FAIR IS HELD IN LONDON: The Swedish Ambassador, Mr. Gunnar Hägglöf, who opened the fair, is seen looking at some of the decorations which were on sale. *On right*—Ladies of the Swedish Colony in London, wearing national dress, at the Christmas decorations stall. At other stalls, the visitor could buy Swedish food (mainly in tins), glass, china, fancy stationery, books, embroidery, and toys. This year the proceeds of the fair were given to the Swedish Church.

NEWS FROM THE SEA

The New Lightship for the Goodwin Sands; the Broken-back Tanker; and the Christmas Rush in London Docks

On right—

THE NEW LIGHTSHIP FOR THE GOODWIN SANDS: The vessel which replaced the wrecked South Goodwin lightship is seen here in Harwich Harbour shortly before starting her voyage to the Goodwin Sands. Workmen are finishing painting her designation on her side. Then she was towed away by Trinity House tender. The lightship which was wrecked in the gales of a fortnight ago was the first ever to suffer such disaster. In spite of heroic efforts by sea and from the air to rescue those aboard, only one of the eight in the vessel was taken off. The remaining seven lost their lives. Within forty-eight hours of the disaster the new ship was in position to mark the sands and guard the safety of traffic in the Channel.

On left—

HALF OF THE SHIP WHICH BROKE IN TWO ARRIVES IN PORT: The stern half of the tanker *World Concord* (20,125 tons) is brought by tug into the Holy Loch, in the Firth of Clyde. The back of the tanker was broken by a tempest in the Irish Sea and the halves rapidly drifted apart. However, lifeboats from Wales and Ireland succeeded in saving all the crew from both parts. In the stern half were thirty-five men. They were rescued by the St. David's lifeboat later in the day on which the disaster occurred. In the fore half were the Captain, Nicholas Athanassiou, and six men. They suffered an even harder ordeal, drifting for thirty hours before being taken off by the lifeboat from Rosslare. Tugs engaged in the tasks of bringing both halves to port. The tug *Turmoil* (of *Flying Enterprise* fame) battled through a 100-miles-an-hour gale to reach the stern. Then the *Turmoil's* master, Captain F. D. Parker, started a towing voyage of 200 miles to the Firth of Clyde.

THE CHRISTMAS RUSH IN THE DOCKS: After the recent delays due to strikes in the docks, there has been great activity in the Port of London. Dockers are working at top speed to unload Christmas cargoes from all countries and achieve the quickest possible "turn-round." These two pictures come from the Royal Albert Dock, where all berths were full. *Above*—The North Quay. The ships from the left are the *Peruvian Reefer*, from Denmark; the *Honorata*, the *Gloucester*, the *Rangitiki* and the *Mataroa*, all from New Zealand. *On right*—The Norwegian ship *Bonanza* being towed by tugs out of the dock. She is passing the *Rangitiki*, on the left.

A MEMORIAL AT HONG KONG

The Great Memorial to the Men of the Commonwealth Land Forces who Died at Hong Kong, nears Completion

On left—
THE NEW MEMORIAL AT SAIWAN BAY, HONG KONG, NEARS COMPLETION : This picture is taken from the memorial shelter looking over the cemetery to Saiwan Bay in the background. The memorial is being built to commemorate the 2,054 men who lost their lives during the defence of Hong Kong or during captivity, and who have no known graves. It will be officially opened by Sir Alexander Grantham, the Governor of Hong Kong, next February. This is the first of several large memorials which are being erected in the Far East by the Imperial War Graves Commission, and takes the form of a shelter, 80 ft. long, with a semi-circular forecourt. It stands at the opening to the cemetery where 1,540 men are buried.

On left—
THE MEMORIAL AND THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW IT COMMANDS : On the walls inside the shelter are inscribed the names of those who have no graves.

On right—
THE CEMETERY TOPPED BY THE NEW MEMORIAL : The Imperial War Graves Commission is sending letters to the relatives of men buried at Saiwan Bay telling them that the British Legion is contemplating organising a pilgrimage to Hong Kong for the official unveiling of the memorial.

NEW MARRIED QUARTERS IN CYPRUS

The Middle East Air Force's New Headquarters Site is Prepared at Nicosia

PREPARING FOR THE MOVE FROM EGYPT : These houses which are being built at Nicosia, in Cyprus, will soon be occupied by the married personnel of the Headquarters Group of the Middle East Air Force which has now started to move from Egypt. The move is expected to take some time. The air stations at present in Egypt will also move to other locations in the Middle East, ranging from Malta to Jordan.

BUILDING MARRIED QUARTERS IN NICOSIA : This picture shows native workmen busy building the new houses. *On left*—Another view of some of the quarters as they near completion. Under the treaty initialled in Cairo last July, all British personnel are being evacuated from the Canal Zone within twenty months. Many army units are being drafted to Britain, but the R.A.F. are being restationed in the Middle East.

TELEVISION AND HAPPY FAMILIES

Alan Melville's "Simon and Laura," at the Strand Theatre, is a Comedy Set in a Temporary Television Studio

On right—

A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE DURING AN ANNIVERSARY PERFORMANCE: Janet Honeyman, the script-writer (Dora Bryan), answers the telephone and is surprised to hear that one of the B.B.C. Television officials offers his congratulations on the latest performance in the television series entitled *Simon and Laura*. This takes the cast and technicians by surprise, for although a "technical hitch" had prevented the entire scene from being televised, the conversation between the supposedly happily married couple Simon (Roland Culver) and Laura (Coral Browne) had developed into a row. *Simon and Laura* is the story of an actor and his wife who agree to appear in a regular T.V. series as a happily married couple despite their frequent quarrels. The producer, David Prentice (Ian Carmichael), is ignorant of their domestic relations.

ANOTHER CHARACTER FOR THE "HAPPY FAMILY" SERIES: David Prentice meets Wilson (Ernest Thesiger) and is overjoyed by his discovery. Ian Carmichael gives a highly entertaining portrayal of the producer.

THE PRODUCER ANNOUNCES HIS PLANS: David Prentice, who refers to his chiefs by using the initials of their office, confers with Simon and Laura Foster. He is unaware of the fact that Simon was about to leave his wife a few moments earlier. Looking on is the Foster's manager, Mr. Wolfstein (Ronald Radd). When the Fosters agree to the series (they have been unemployed for some time) the house is turned into a television studio.

On left—

CALAMITY ON THE SET: Simon falls over the producer during his quarrel with Laura. Prentice had been trying to prevent a scene and to make the cast return to the script.

On right—

A BLACK EYE FOR SIMON: He acquired this during a fight with Prentice after his quarrel with Laura. At this point in the third act the two forlorn men are discussing their problems.

THE QUEEN DOES HER CHRISTMAS SHOPPING: Queen Elizabeth is seen leaving Harrods department store after she had spent two hours there buying Christmas presents. Her first visit was to the toy department, where she bought a "Dan Dare" Space Gun, a doll dressed as a Square Dancer, a doll's pram and several books. In the novelties department she bought red noses and practical jokes.

THE QUEEN GOES SHOPPING

Queen Elizabeth Buys Christmas Presents for the Royal Family, and other Seasonal Pictures

On right—

A CHRISTMAS-TREE FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: The Christmas-tree, which was sent by the Queen from the Windsor Estate, is erected at the top of the steps by the West door. King George V was the first monarch to send trees to St. Paul's Cathedral at Christmas. Two are usually sent; one is erected outside the Cathedral and the other inside by the crib. This is used as a centre of offering for clothes and money for the needy.

AN EASTERN TOUCH IN THE WEST END: Late evening shoppers in Regent Street are given the impression that they are walking through a vast Eastern bazaar by the hundreds of lanterns hung outside the shops as Christmas decorations. Christmas shopping has now reached its peak and London's big stores are gaily decorated.

A WARSHIP VISITS LONDON

H.M.S. "Apollo" Sails up the Thames Carrying the Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet

A WARSHIP IN THE UPPER POOL—THE MINELAYER H.M.S. "APOLLO" SEEN SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL: The *Apollo*, wearing the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, Admiral Sir Michael Denny, visited London before completing the Autumn Cruise. The minelayer left for Portsmouth three days ago. This is believed to be the first time that a Home Fleet flagship has sailed so far up the Thames since the beginning of the century. The *Apollo*, of 2,610 tons, has an overall length of 418 ft., a beam of 40 ft., and can carry 100 mines, in addition to her 4-in. gun armament.

On left—

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE HOME FLEET: Sir Michael Denny on board the minelayer. *Below*—An addition to London's Christmas decorations. H.M.S. *Apollo* is floodlit after her arrival in the Pool.

The Sphere of Travel

CRUISING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

Some Suggestions for Attractive Sunshine and Spring Cruises, with Ports of Call Ranging from Tiny Islands to Big Mainland Cities

By GORDON COOPER

ALMOST all my journeys have been the fault of books, though Charles Lamb would never have called them that. For in many instances there have been volumes which could scarcely have been classified as literature. An atlas, for example, is hardly the kind of publication which most people would ever think of including in a list of the "world's best books." Yet, adopting the usual peg for such a discussion, I know that if ever I was shipwrecked on a desert island I would be much more content to browse amongst maps during my period of seclusion than to have a constant daily mental diet of Dostoevsky, Balzac or Dickens.

I am prepared, indeed, to be even more selective in my choice of fixed reading matter, for I believe I would be well satisfied if I had but one particular page out of an atlas, and it would be that covering, in detail, the Mediterranean. But as its companion I would also want Murray's *Handbook to the Mediterranean*, a guide-book long out of print, yet, like the other books in this estimable series, never since excelled for accuracy, range and varied reading interest.

LOOKING ACROSS A SMALL BAY ON ONE OF THE GREEK ISLANDS : This is a view of Paros, a typical island in the Ægean. In his article on Mediterranean Odysseys, Gordon Cooper offers several suggestions for cruises in this area with calls at many of the islands, where "Eternal summer gilds them yet."

Maps, then, have played an important part in my life, although they do present problems, such as an island, which must have evaporated with the morning mists like other promising things, called Bragman, whose position I have not yet discovered. It is recorded, however, by Mandeville, and he had positive knowledge that on Bragman was "no Thief, nor Murderer, nor common Woman, nor poor Beggar, nor ever was man slain in that Country. And because they be so true and so righteous, and so full of good Conditions, they were never grieved with Tempests, nor with Thunder, nor with Lightning, nor with Hail, nor with Pestilence, nor with War, nor with Hunger, nor with any other Tribulation, as we may be, many Times, amongst us, for our Sins."

Bragman might not be to everybody's taste. Some people might even say such a perfect spot could have no taste. Yet for others it suggests a sense of relief and of rest from the many alleged advantages existing in the rest of Europe. So for those who think in terms of comparatively uncontaminated earthly sanctuaries, I suggest that a cruise to the isles of Greece might well be satisfying, more especially as at the present time you would also escape from the cold, fog, wind and rain of Britain.

There is one tour in this part of the Mediterranean which is most tempting. Actually, it involves travelling in three different ships—new Greek vessels—all belonging to the Nomikos Line. Every Sunday one of their ships sails from Venice to Piræus, calling at Corfu, Ithaca, Samy, Patras and Corinth on the way. Thence, by other ships, to Patmos, Leros, Cos, Symi, Rhodes, Chios, Mytilene and Crete (Suda Bay, Rethymnon and Candia). The round trip, London to London, takes twenty-three days; and the full cost, inclusive of sea and rail passages, transfers, meals, is £145 first class throughout. There is also a second class, the cost then being £112.

Every one of these islands has historical appeal. Ithaca, for instance, is identified as being the home of Ulysses. Patmos was the scene of Saint John's exile, where he is supposed to have written the Apocalypse, and Chios is noted in antiquity for its claims as Homer's birthplace. Incidentally, for anyone contemplating a visit to Heraklion, in Crete, there is the good news that a new edition of the famous "Pendlebury" *Handbook to the Palace of Minos* has just been published by Max Parrish (12s. 6d.). It has an introduction by Sir John Myres and Sir John Forsdyke, and it appears in association with the British School of Archæology at Athens. It is the standard work of reference for Knossos.

A simple Greek-island route is the weekly service between Brindisi and Crete, via the Piræus, provided by the Typaldos Line. The round tour, occupying just a week on the boat, costs £43 first-class (including land excursions), to which must be added the fare to and from Brindisi. You can, if you wish, break your journey at, say, Corfu, Piræus or Crete, continuing on a week or a fortnight later. Having travelled in the *Angelica*, the ship used on this service, I can recommend it for those who are content with comfortable, but not luxurious, conditions.

For those desiring first-class conditions, there is a round voyage of approximately twenty days by Greek liners of the Hellenic Mediterranean Line. Their cruises are thrice monthly from and to Marseilles, visiting Genoa (2), Piræus (2), Alexandria (2), Port Said, Beyrout (2), and Limassol, in Cyprus. The figures in brackets indicate the days spent in these ports. The inclusive cost from Marseilles is around £100 first-class, £72 second-class; but these rates are increased by 15 per cent. after May 1. Credit vouchers, to a maximum amount of 15 per cent. of the fare paid, are not debited against your travel allowance, and can be used for expenses incurred on board during the holiday.

Two Italian cargo-passenger shipping lines offer attractive round voyages in the Eastern Mediterranean. Every two weeks the S.S. *Abbazia* (Adriatica Line) sails from Genoa to Naples, Rhodes, Piræus, Izmir, Istanbul, returning to Marseilles in twelve days, and Genoa in thirteen days.

A SOUVENIR FROM PORT SAID : Local traders in small boats offering goods to passengers of a cruising liner. There is always much animated talk in these business deals.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd., Berkeley Street, London, W.1.
Informal Travels Limited, 45, Queensway, London, W.2.
Wakefield Fortune Limited, 32, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.
Oceanways Limited, 23, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.
Typaldos Bros., 203, Regent Street, London, W.1.

The inclusive cost, from and to London, is 120 guineas for seventeen/eighteen days.

Round voyages in S.S. *Campidoglio* are from and to Venice, calls being made at Brindisi, Piræus, Alexandria, Port Said, Beyrout, Famagusta, Latakia, Iskendrum and Mersin, Izmir, Rhodes and Bari. The cost of this twenty-six/twenty-eight-day tour, from and to London, is only 126 guineas, but there is an extra charge for single cabins.

It is not possible for me to give here particulars of the various ports referred to, but there is one curious gastronomic adventure that might appeal to those who go ashore at the Piræus. It refers to a small restaurant, the Vasilbeana, which is, perhaps, best reached by taxi, for it is not easy to find on foot. The establishment consists of a kitchen (four tables for diners) and a place on the roof (five tables), the latter being used only when the weather is warm. Perfect silence is observed by the proprietor and his waiter, and not a word is exchanged. A jug of retsina is placed on your table and replaced when empty. The meal itself consists of seven-teen courses, and you get thrown out of the place if you don't eat what 's given you. Fortunately, I found an obliging cat to help me out. The inclusive price of this gargantuan banquet—the food is very good—is 56 drachmæ (14s.).

For a comprehensive round tour in the Adriatic and Western Mediterranean, there is a five-weeks' voyage by modern motor-ships of the Italian Tyrrhenian Line. Fifty first-class passengers are accommodated in spacious one or two-bedded outer cabins. There are fortnightly sailings from Venice to Ancona, Bari, Catania, Malta, Messina, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Marseilles, Barcelona, Tarragona, Valencia, returning to Marseilles and the already mentioned Italian ports, and concluding the trip on the thirty-third day at Trieste. The cost from and to London is from 133 guineas up.

My last suggestion for a sunshine voyage is not entirely confined to the Mediterranean, for it embraces calls at Las Palmas and Tenerife. This sea tour is by a Spanish cargo-vessel accommodating about twenty cabin-class passengers in double porthole cabins. The cuisine is typically Spanish, which means, of course, that the cooking is done in olive oil. For some strange reason, there is among ill-informed people a certain prejudice against this oil, but I have only found it to taste objectionable when a poor quality of the product is used; and this, of course, does not happen in the normal good-class kitchen. In actual fact, cooking done in olive-oil is far better for one's health than that effected with the artificial fats employed quite generally in British restaurants. So don't be deterred by talk against Spanish cooking.

To return, however, to details of the tour. The voyage starts and ends at Barcelona (thus avoiding the Bay of Biscay passage, which can be rather grim in winter), and calls are made at Tarragona, Valencia, Alicante, Cartagena, Almeria, Malaga, Ceuta (Spanish Morocco), Las Palmas and Santa Cruz (Tenerife), returning via most of these ports. The most interesting of the East Spanish ports are Barcelona and Tarragona. At Malaga, I suggest you lunch at the Gibralfaro Restaurance, from which place you get a superb panoramic view of the adjoining coast. In Ceuta, if local visa formalities can be overcome, it is rewarding to hire a car and visit Tetuan, whose market places are as interesting as any in North Africa, while the prices offer opportunities for securing bargains. During your stay at Las Palmas a motor excursion to the Cross of Tejeda is recommended, especially as there is not much of interest in the port itself. There is a good restaurant-hotel at the summit, from which there is a fine view. Then, at Santa Cruz, the excursion to Orotava is outstanding.

Usually on cargo-boat voyages a whole day is spent in each of the various ports called at. There is considerably added interest if you know just what you want to see when on land. If you have occasion to hire a car for an excursion, bear in mind three hints: Be sure that the driver understands the bargain he makes, both as regards itinerary and price; have a look at the tyres, including the "spare"; and be certain there is sufficient petrol in the tank. I mention these points, for they are based on personal experiences—sometimes disastrous ones.

THE "GRAND VARIETY" OF THE PEAK DISTRICT: A view of the Upper Dove Dale taken from Longnor. Beyond the beauty of the lowland lies a panorama of hills. In the left background is Chrome Hill. Centre stands Hitter Hill, and on the right, Dow Low. Dove Dale has been described as "the very essence" of the Derbyshire dales, which are such a feature of the beauties of the Peak District.

IN THE HEART OF ENGLAND

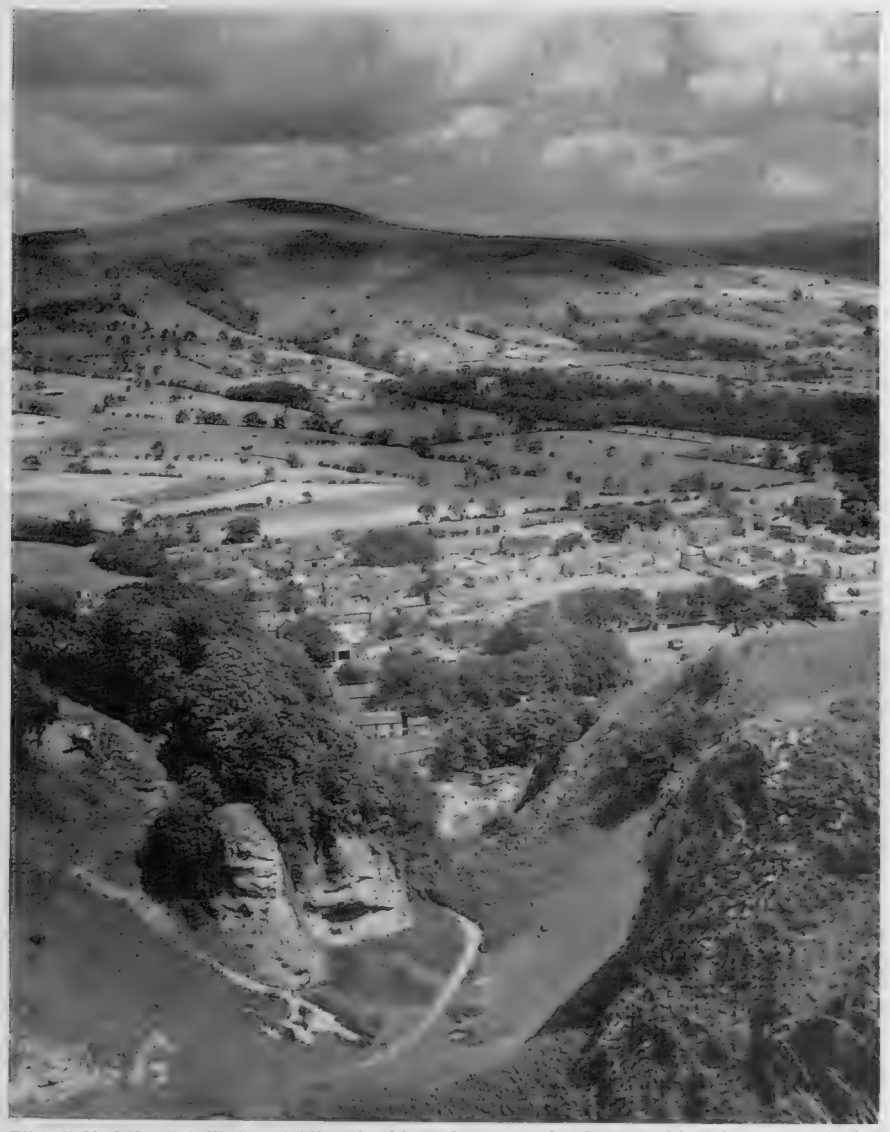
Exploring the Beauties of the Peak District

Written and Illustrated by J. ALLAN CASH

In the centre of England, between the Midlands and the North, lies a region unexpected to those who think of this part of the country as predominantly industrial. This is the Peak District. Here are no factories nor smoke nor evidence of man's mercantile activities. Instead, there is a wide area of bleak moorland, lofty hills, wild valleys and solitude. At the northern extremity, Kinder Scout (2,088 ft.), the highest point, keeps watch over the wild tableland of the Peak itself. Southward the country runs down to the Derbyshire dales, and the whole region is generally conceded to be one of the most beautiful in Britain.

There is a grand variety. Should one tire of the bare country of limestone hills, one can drop from almost anywhere into any of the dales in a matter of minutes and find oneself in rich wooded country with streams, meadows and picturesque villages. For my part, I have a predilection for the open hilltops, with their bracing air and panoramic views, but I can appreciate equally the green beauty of the dales.

From the south, the gateway to the Peak District is in the Derwent Valley, near Ambergate, north of Derby. Following this valley, one can obtain a good general impression of the whole district. Enclosed by high wooded hills, the road runs at different times with river, rail and the famous Cromford Canal. At Cromford itself, just below Matlock Bath, a good road climbs through a wooded dale of unusual beauty to the open hills, where it joins the main Ashbourne–Buxton thoroughfare. Various roads go out of the Derwent Valley and Darley Dale, as it becomes north of Matlock. I have followed them all, often at random, and this is an excellent way to explore the Peak District.



THE "CAPITAL OF THE PEAK": Looking down to Castleton, which is accorded the title of the Peak District's "capital." The picture was taken near the ruins of the Norman castle of Peveril, immortalised in Scott's "Peveril of the Peak."

At Rowsley the Bakewell Wye joins the Derwent. The Wye flows down through a lovely dale, alternately wide and narrow, from Buxton. If one continues along the Derwent one comes to Chatsworth, the "Palace of the Peak," and the ancestral home of the Dukes of Devonshire. This Palladian example of the country-house civilisation of England contains a unique collection of art treasures. The Peak District is rich in historic houses. Near Bakewell is Haddon Hall, the scene of the romance of Dorothy Vernon, and by Castleton is Peveril Castle, immortalised in Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." The Derwent road takes the traveller to Castleton, which is known as the "Capital of the Peak" and is the centre for exploring the caves and fluor spar mines, where this mineral is to be seen in beautiful crystal form in a great variety of colours.

Next the road sweeps up to the crumbling face of Mam Tor. Climbing over the top one comes down through Edale—with glorious views across to the Peak itself—and then drops down to the Derwent River again. At this point the skill of modern man manifests itself, for there is a chain of three giant reservoirs, stretching far into the hills. But the surrounding country of forest slopes is not unlike the Scottish Highlands. Finally, there is the Peak itself. From the famous Snake Inn one gets magnificent views of Seal Edge, and beyond Glossop, Kinder Scout rears up to the east. Returning south, a good route is to work through Chapel-en-le-Frith to Buxton. From here the Dove Valley can be explored. Only a path runs through Dove Dale, the very essence of a Derbyshire dale. But the walk of four miles is well worth it.

PRE-LENTEN CARNIVAL IN WÜRTTEMBURG: The procession in Rottweil am Neckar. In the distance is the famous Black Gate.

CARNIVAL TIME IN GERMANY

There are many sides to the German character, but none excels in romantic jollity that displayed during the period of Carnival. No other country, in fact, approaches the scale of these annual festivities, which start in November, get going around the New Year, and rise to a climax of merriment in the "three mad days" preceding Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent. (In 1955, Ash Wednesday falls on February 23.)

Each region has a different name for the revelry; each town its special customs. Munich is the heart of the Bavarian "Fastnacht"—the "eve of fasting-time"; annually, over 1,500 public and association balls are held at this time. You find the same picture throughout Bavaria.

The Rhineland is another stronghold of King Carnival, Dusseldorf, Cologne and Mainz being outstanding for their street processions on Rose-Monday (preceding Shrove Tuesday). Last year I took part in the celebrations in Dusseldorf on this particular day. On this annual occasion people there cast off their skins, as it were, and everything static becomes dynamic. Policemen on duty smoke huge cigars, quaff tankards of beer and kiss any passing pretty girls. In the procession itself, the most elaborate floats are to be seen.

I have also taken part in carnival festivities in Bavaria, the Black Forest and the Rhineland. I found the celebrations in some of the smaller towns and villages to be particularly friendly and enjoyable. I returned home with a varied collection of regalia presented to me.

WITCHES AT LAKE CONSTANCE: These evil-looking hags, with "Wildsou Susi," come from Gengenbach, in the Black Forest. They are participating in the carnival at Konstanz.

The most important carnival festivities in 1955 are:

January 8—February 22:
Munich.
Cologne, Dusseldorf, Mainz, Frankfurt, Wiesbaden (festivities).
Black Forest and Lake Constance, Fastnet. (Traditional activities in Elzbach, Laufenbach, Rottweil, Stockach, Villingen.)

February 20:
Munich, Augsburg, Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Stuttgart, etc. (Sunday carnival, with street processions.)

February 21:
Cologne, Mainz, Dusseldorf, Coblence, Trier, Aachen, Bonn (Rose-Monday street processions).

G. C.

SAILING TO CAPE TOWN

A HALF-WAY HALT ON A VOYAGE TO CAPE TOWN: The yacht *Dauntless* is seen approaching the Fanara Jetty on the Great Bitter Lake, Suez. On board the yacht are an ex-R.A.F. officer, Roy Owen, and his wife Sybil, who left Portaferry, County Down, last April. With them are John Fraser, who sailed as crew, and Raul Mota, a "sea hiker" who joined the boat at Gibraltar. At Fanara, the *Dauntless* received an enthusiastic welcome from the men of the R.A.F. Marine Craft Unit which is stationed there. The airmen spent much of their spare time helping Owen and his crew repair the yacht, which had suffered some damage during heavy seas and gales in the Mediterranean. The next port of call is planned to be Port Sudan. The yacht weighs 10 tons, and is seventy-two years old. Owen bought it with his R.A.F. gratuity.

THE EX-R.A.F. OFFICER AND HIS WIFE WHO ARE SAILING TO CAPE TOWN: Roy and Sybil Owen are seen on board the *Dauntless* at Suez. *Below*—The yacht tying-up at the jetty at Fanara.

A BABY WALLAROO AT WHIPSNADE ZOO

A BABY WALLAROO AT WHIPSNADE RUNS AWAY WITH ITS MOTHER AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER APPROACHES: This is one of the first photographs to be taken of the baby, which was born during July. Since the arrival of the young wallaroo, the two parents have been very shy of visitors, and have run off every time a photographer tried to approach. The parents were sent from Australia in April, and during the summer were exhibited at London Zoo as part of the Royal Tour Collection.

A CHARMING STUDY OF THE PARENT WALLAROOS WITH THEIR BABY—A PICTURE TAKEN WITH A LONG-RANGE CAMERA: This was the only way a clear picture could be obtained. The wallaroo is not, as is often thought, a cross between a kangaroo and a wallaby, but is another species.

A RARE CANADIAN RODENT

On left—

ONE OF THE FEW LIVING EXAMPLES OF THE HEATHER VOLE IN CAPTIVITY: This rodent, *phenacomys*, is one of twenty-seven of this species which are being kept alive and under observation at the Royal Ontario Museum at Toronto. These rodents were caught by Bristol Foster, a twenty-two-year-old student at Toronto University, during an expedition to Churchill, Manitoba, in August. The twenty-seven heather voles are believed to be the only ones kept alive in a scientific institution. This vole exists mainly between Labrador and the Rockies.

AN UNUSUAL TYPE OF SLEDGE

AN EXPERIMENTAL LIGHT ALLOY SLEDGE WHICH HAS BEEN TESTED IN THE ARCTIC: These sledges, which were used by the Sherborne-Cambridge Spitsbergen Expedition this year, were built at the suggestion of Dr. G. T. Wright, the expedition's organiser. They were hand-made by Elm Metals Limited from special aluminium alloys supplied by James Booth and Company, Limited. Three sledges were made for the expedition—one 12 ft. and two 8 ft. long. A report on the sledges which has just been made by Mr. L. S. Wilson, a member of the expedition, says that they proved very efficient. The largest of the three carried a load of 500 lb., the smaller ones 300 lb. each, and they all travelled over snow and ice easily. A difficulty in camping in Arctic areas is water supply. Large amounts of valuable paraffin are often used to melt snow, but the expedition found that snow placed in one of these sledges was soon melted by the direct heat from the sun, combined with the heat radiation of the aluminium.

ONE OF THE NEW ALUMINIUM SLEDGES IN USE IN THE ARCTIC: This is a picture taken during the Spitsbergen Expedition this year. A report has advocated that all future Arctic expeditions use this method of transport.

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A TRIBUTE TO FRIENDSHIP

Lady Cynthia Asquith's Study of J. M. Barrie; A Scholarly Study of the Development of Shelley's Reputation; The Life and Times of Lord Liverpool; "The Fall of France"

REPUTATIONS in art drift in and out of popularity and sometimes make astonishing swoops. Last week, for instance, one could read in a newspaper that a private collector had bought canvases by French painters as lately as the 1930's for several hundred pounds each, and that these same paintings had now been sold for as many thousands. Literary reputations have not such an easy financial graph of references but they may fluctuate as strongly. At the moment, the work of Barrie is not at the peak of its popularity but there is a good chance that it will return there, and in the meantime he is remembered by thousands with pleasure and by his friends with affection and gratitude.

Lady Cynthia Asquith, who was for twenty years his secretary, was also one of his close friends and, in PORTRAIT OF BARRIE (Barrie. 15s.), she has attempted to show what the man himself was really like. "I could not attempt a summing-up of so complex a being," she writes, "but I will try to give my day-to-day impressions of him," and it is just this personal and episodic method that has given her book of memoirs its freshness and intimacy. Thomas Hardy—"that quietest figure in literature," as Barrie described him—was often a visitor at the Adelphi flat; G. K. Chesterton, who in turn pronounced Barrie "The shyest of men, and the most impudent of writers"; George Moore, who "spoke quite kindly of Shelley" and a whole gallery of other pen portraits can be found here, and they are part of the real quality of the book which, first and last, is a tribute to friendship.

FLIGHT OF THE SKYLARK (Reinhardt. 25s.) is an erudite and scholarly study by Miss Sylva Norman of the development of Shelley's reputation: a subject which on examination proves to be far more rewarding than one would have thought. For even after Shelley's tragic death, his poetry was not recognised as the work of a genius but for years was less discussed than his atheism, or, on occasion, dismissed as "some post-humous trash of Bysshe Shelly" [*sic*]. There were exceptions, of course, and among the discerning were Lord Byron, and, of course, Trelawney, the fiery and faithful. Miss Norman writes warmly and vividly of Shelley's own circle, and of Mary's heroic struggles after his death, and her book has the great merit of sending the reader back to Shelley's poetry with a keener and, the word is right in this instance, more affectionate interest.

Sir Charles Petrie has written a biography and an historian's appreciation of a man who was, for fifteen uninterrupted years, Prime Minister of our country but who is only now beginning to be valued at his real worth. Lord Liverpool became Prime Minister in 1812 and died in 1828. He therefore had not only the American War but the Peninsular War to contend with and, equally grave, their after-maths. His problems might have overwhelmed a lesser statesman yet, actuated partly by Disraeli's criticism, it was a Victorian commonplace to despise the results of his term of office. It is not only the historical perspective that more than a hundred years have given, but the realisation of the magnitude of our own immediate problems that help the present-day reader to understand the subject and the setting of LORD LIVERPOOL AND HIS TIMES (Barrie. 25s.).

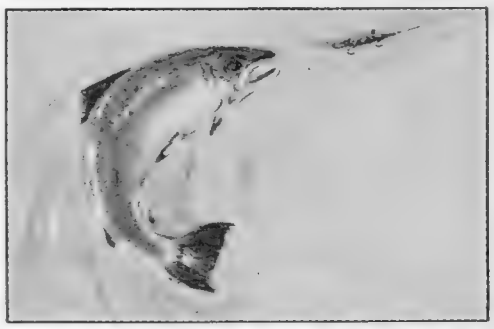
The second volume of Major-General Sir Edward Spears' work, *Assignment to Catastrophe*, has now appeared and deals with one of the most tragic moments of contemporary history. THE FALL OF FRANCE, JUNE, 1940 (Heinemann. 25s.), is a book authoritative enough to give one the whole picture of events, informed enough to show them, in terms of the French and English Governments, from the inside, and personal enough to make one re-live one's own experiences, however marginal, in that fateful summer. General Spears has a life-long love of France and a profound understanding of its people. At the time of which he writes here he was in close, daily touch with not only Churchill but the French Cabinet and their military leaders. His conclusions are based on what he saw, heard and read himself. The impact of the story as he tells it is based on the fact that, as well as an eye-witness of great events, he is a born writer. It would be hard indeed to skip a page of his book.

GOOD COMPANY (Constable. 21s.) is an amiable, nostalgic book of memoirs by Major-General Geoffrey Brooks, who writes a little of his life of soldiering in the cavalry before, during and after the First World War, and a good deal more about riding and horses and big country houses and trout streams and charming, mildly eccentric relations. It is a good-tempered volume and diverting as glimpses of a distant, comfortable, gregarious world must often be.

Signor Folco Quilici was the leader of the photographic unit on an Italian expedition which, in 1952, set out twelve strong to explore THE BLUE CONTINENT (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.), an underwater region of the Red Sea, rich in a variety of fish and, as the text explains, rich in death-dealing properties. As might be expected the photographs in this decorative book are excellent, particularly those in colour, although a general criticism would be that some of them are brutal rather than exciting.

If one were discussing in a friendly conversation—as I hope I may some day—the talents of Miss Elisabeth Kyle, there couldn't be very much argument over her chief asset as a writer, which is to be a story-teller. And, in parenthesis, I may say that most people are glad to see that an appreciation of that heaven-sent quality is becoming more active after a few years of the doom-and-cabbage boys. Miss Kyle obviously likes telling stories and is not in the least dismayed if their plots don't adhere rigidly to the domestic story line, which is also the current joy of the B.B.C. The present one is THE REGENT'S CANDLESTICKS (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.), and the elegant peg on which the story is hung is a Regency treasure for which an Englishman is searching in a castle near Hanover. Neat, and romantic as well—a very pretty combination.

Miss Val Mulkerns is a young Irish writer, writing about County Galway in A PEACOCK CRY (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), and that can be an enchanting combination. She writes mainly of what she knows: a countryside, a race of people, a local form of pride or fantasy. But where Miss Mulkerns' own knowledge might otherwise have thinned out, she is able to call on a native imagination that does as well and, in some passages, better.



A SALMON RISES TO "A LARGE PINK PRAWN": A reproduction from *The Running of the Salmon* (Bles. 15s.), written and illustrated by Eric Taverner and W. Barrington Browne. It tells the story of salmon running up the rivers of their birth in spring to spawn, after spending the winter in the ocean. The author and artist record the adventures of ten salmon from the time they leave the sea until the last moments of the last survivor.

SUNSET ON THE WINDOW-PANES (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Walter Macken's new novel, about Galway, too, and by a Galway writer. It is a strongly and emotionally told tale of the tragedy of a boy's life, that is even more moving if one can discount part of the Irish love of drama for drama's sake.

Mrs. Kathryn Grondahl writes about more or less contemporary Bangkok in THE MANGO SEASON (Collins. 12s. 6d.), and writes, what is more, with a compassion and a subtlety that are not alone the prerogative of country-born writers. For this American author speaks of Siam from an experience that must necessarily be external but which is none the less tender and perceptive. It is Mrs. Grondahl's first novel, and I recommend it to you.

Mr. Peter Freuchen, the Arctic explorer, whaler, pilot, fisherman and sailor, says of himself that unfortunately he froze his left leg off and that turned him into a writer. I believe the truth to be even more dramatic than that, but one of the facts is that he has long been as able at writing as at adventuring in the far north, and his new book, THE LAW OF LARION (Evans. 12s. 6d.), tells a magnificent story of the last great Indian chief of Alaska. Magnificent, one could add, but brutal, since Larion's principal tenet was to endure or die, and the Russian traders to whom he gave his loyalty at first only strengthened him in his final, bitter war against them. The translation from the original Danish has been made by Evelyn Ramsden.

AMONGST THE RECENT NEW BOOKS

LOSTWOOD LODGE (Blackwood. 12s. 6d.), by Kathleen Earle, is a story of nineteenth-century Canada, and the Province of Quebec, where political troubles culminated in the Rebellion of 1837–38. Lord Durham was Governor-General at the relevant time and when his counsels were not heeded at home took what is described with refreshing simplicity as "the surprising step of returning to England of his own accord." As one who has often taken the same kind of step without diplomatic exigencies, I do recognise what is meant, and, for the rest, this is a sound if romantic reconstruction of colonial history.

Of this week's two thrillers—both of them American and both excellent—the first is Miss Helen McCloy's praiseworthy detective story, HE NEVER CAME BACK (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), one of the very, very few exploits depending on changed identities in which I have ever had the slightest confidence, let alone pleasure. The setting is New York, small apartments and cafeterias.

DEATH BEFORE BEDTIME (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) painlessly transports the reader to Washington D.C. Mr. Edgar Box writes crisply and well—even amusingly—about senators and investigations and too friendly blondes, and keeps a sure, firm hand on the lines of the mystery.

(Concluded on page 487)

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR THE CHILDREN

Dog stories, teddy bear stories, cowboy tales and school romances, they are all with us again this year. Into the bargain Rudolph the Rednosed Reindeer Shines Again, Hopalong Cassidy rides again, while two publishers have plumped for the best-selling qualities of the tiger. Nancy Spain's THE TIGER WHO COULDN'T EAT MEAT (Adprint. 6s.) is a delightful piece of work. She has done the writing and the illustrations, beginning with the momentous opening paragraph, "Many years ago in the reign of Edward VII there lived in the jungles of India a tiger who could not eat meat. Actually he hated it." How he blundered into a kitchen and ate cauli-flower for the first time, and into a nursery where he met the children Nancy Spain tells in her own carefree, happy way. Simpkin (for that is his name) is certainly a character.

Ethelbert is the name of Rosemary Hoyland's tiger. His particular penchant is swimming, and, like Simpkin, he worried his father and mother quite a bit, as tigers are not supposed to swim, particularly in the specially reserved drinking-pools. Ethelbert ends up on an Arctic ice-flow, meets a scientific expedition, and gets chilblains on his feet. ETHELBERT is published by Collins at 7s. 6d.

To single out books from this handsome Christmas array is not easy, and to divide them into age categories does not always seem to work out, for children have a joyous habit of not sticking exactly to schedule in their scholastic development.

One book that deserves special mention for its originality is THE GOLDEN GEOGRAPHY (Publicity Products 10s. 6d.). Here Elsa Jane Werner and Cornelius de Witt have combined to produce an illustrated atlas which they call a child's introduction to the world. It is most skilfully done, and to any child who asks what is America like, what is Australia like, here is the answer in words and pictures. There are other Golden Books in the same series notably THE GOLDEN BOOK OF STORIES FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT (10s. 6d.), which has a special attraction by reason of the quality of the illustrations by Alice and Martin Provensen.

Another really grand book is Opal Wheeler's THE STORY OF PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.). This fascinating picture of the early years of Tschaikowsky is beautifully told, and the drawings by Christine Price are a delight. At the end of the book some of the composer's simpler melodies are printed for young pianists to try out for themselves.

A touch of topicality is provided by Stella Clair in her story of SUSIE SAUCER AND RONNIE ROCKET (Werner Laurie. 6s.), and one must suppose that this has a special appeal to current youth, which can apparently imbibe spaceship information and the doings of Dan Dare just as well as it can the more mundane doings of the jungle and the ranch and the zoological gardens.

The House of Collins have a grand series of books for older children, all more or less in the romantic tradition of schoolboy and schoolgirl reading. THE THREE PEBBLES (8s. 6d.), by Richard Parker, is the story of three young French boys in the sixteenth century. These three lads find themselves part of a colonising venture outward bound for Florida, one of the first attempts by the French to make a permanent settlement in the New World. Trading with the Indians, war with the Spaniards, farming in a strange and dangerous land, all have their part in this well-told tale. In THE CONTI STORY (8s. 6d.), Joan Selby-Lowndes, who has already written several books about stage life, takes as her heroine the indefatigable Italia Conti who, with her sisters, founded one of the most remarkable stage schools of modern times. This is a vivid and inspiring story of much courage and initiative.

Monica Edwards, in PUNCHBOWL HARVEST (8s. 6d.), and Josephine Pullein-Thompson, in ONE-DAY EVENT (8s. 6d.), both set about the same kind of task. We see in the first book the energies of the Thornton family thrown into saving a storm-menaced harvest, and, in the second, the energies of the pony club thrown into the task of running Major Holbrooke's stable after he has been hurt in a train accident. These two books are both likely to prove popular favourites.

Also from Collins comes THE BELL FAMILY (10s. 6d.), in which Noel Streatfeild tells us more about these young people who have become such firm radio favourites.

Helen Lane-Joynt has a refreshing style, and in MOLLY-O (Faber and Faber. 6s. 6d.) she describes a happy-go-lucky Irish family. Molly-O is the wild one, always in and out of scrapes. It was Molly who slid from the top of the hayrick on to the bull's back (thinking he was the cow), and during her first job as a dairymaid she had the mortification of seeing the kitten fall into her milk-pail. This is a happy unpretentious story, and before very long young readers will find that they are among close friends.

Photography does not play quite such a part this year among children's books, but TWO LITTLE BEARS, by Ylla (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.), is certainly a remarkable exception. Ylla is one of the world's most distinguished animal photographers, and following the two little bears on their wanderings is a real delight.

And so to Roy Rogers, Gene Autry and the immortal Hopalong Cassidy. Not all the Dan Dares and P.C. 49s in this world can eliminate the cowboy tradition which has lived on from generation to generation among the youth of America, and persists here in much the same way, prairieless though we are, and, indeed, almost bereft of wide open spaces. THE HOPALONG CASSIDY JUMP-UP BOOK and THE ROY ROGERS JUMP-UP BOOK (both published by Adprint at 5s.) have, as their titles indicate, cut-out pictures which stand out from the pages as they are opened. They are most realistic. There is also a book of GENE AUTRY STORIES (No. 1) by Robert Wells, published by Adrint at 5s.

Finally, a word of special praise for A. W. Orchard's LISTEN WITH MOTHER TALES—CHARLIE THE CAT (Adprint. 2s. 6d.). Here is some really grand colour reproduction in the best tradition of children's Christmas books, and the price of half-a-crown is most reasonable.

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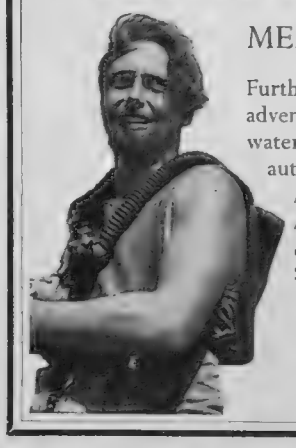

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Amongst the Recent New Books

(*Concluded from page 486*)

DANGER MY ALLY (Elek. 18s.) is the autobiography of Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, a millionaire explorer-collector whose life of extraordinary adventures has included a period of riding with Pancho Villa as aide-de-camp, the collection of priceless treasures in the Gulf of Mexico, capturing giant fish in the Indian Ocean, and, unknowingly, acting as host to Trotzsky who, he tells us, used too much garlic in his cooking.

A PINCH OF POUND NOTES (Rupert Hart-Davis. 15s.) is the autobiography of a man who has achieved two of his ambitions, and made a success in two different ways. As a boy Mr. John Dingle, with Escoffier as his hero, longed to be a first-class chef and in time realised his wish. Then, after the First World War, with a career to re-make, he decided to become a restaurant keeper and *hôtelier*, and to-day runs one of the best hotels in the West Country. While wondering what to do next, Mr. Dingle has written these homely and heartening memoirs.

THE FOLLOWING WIND (Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.) is Miss N. Brysson Morrison's novel of family life in present-day Glasgow; not a Glasgow of the slums on one hand or of ships and ship-building on the other but of ordinary, pleasant, educated people, whose interest lies not in the drama of their occupations or careers, but in the writer's perceptions of their effect, one on the other. This is a quiet story, but never a dull one, and told with a simplicity that shows a real respect for language.

From Hamish Hamilton this week come two profusely illustrated publications which have their origin in the United States. One is **A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE SILENT SCREEN** (50s.), *an entertaining and nostalgic volume containing over 3,000 pictures assembled by Daniel Blum: and the other is Charles Addams' latest collection of humorous drawings. It is entitled* **HOME BODIES** *and costs* 15s.

GREAT HORSES OF THE YEAR (MacGibbon and Kee. 21s.), *by Clive Graham (The Scout), and with photographs by Baron, is a survey in words and pictures of their history and records.*

The latest in the illustrated series entitled "The Making of the English Landscape," is **CORNWALL** (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.), *by W. G. V. Balchin. It is an illustrated essay on the history of the landscape.*

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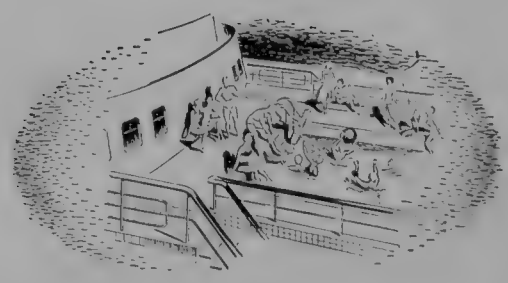

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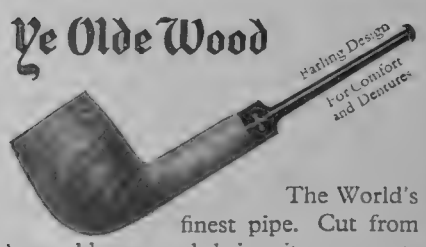

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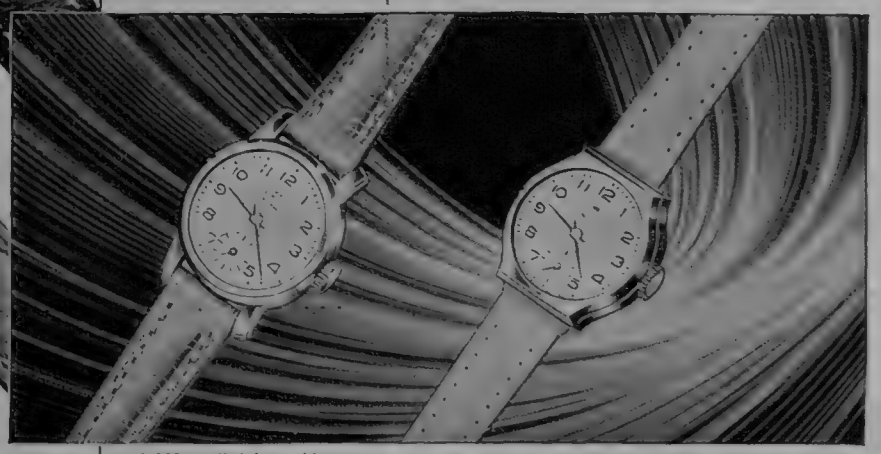

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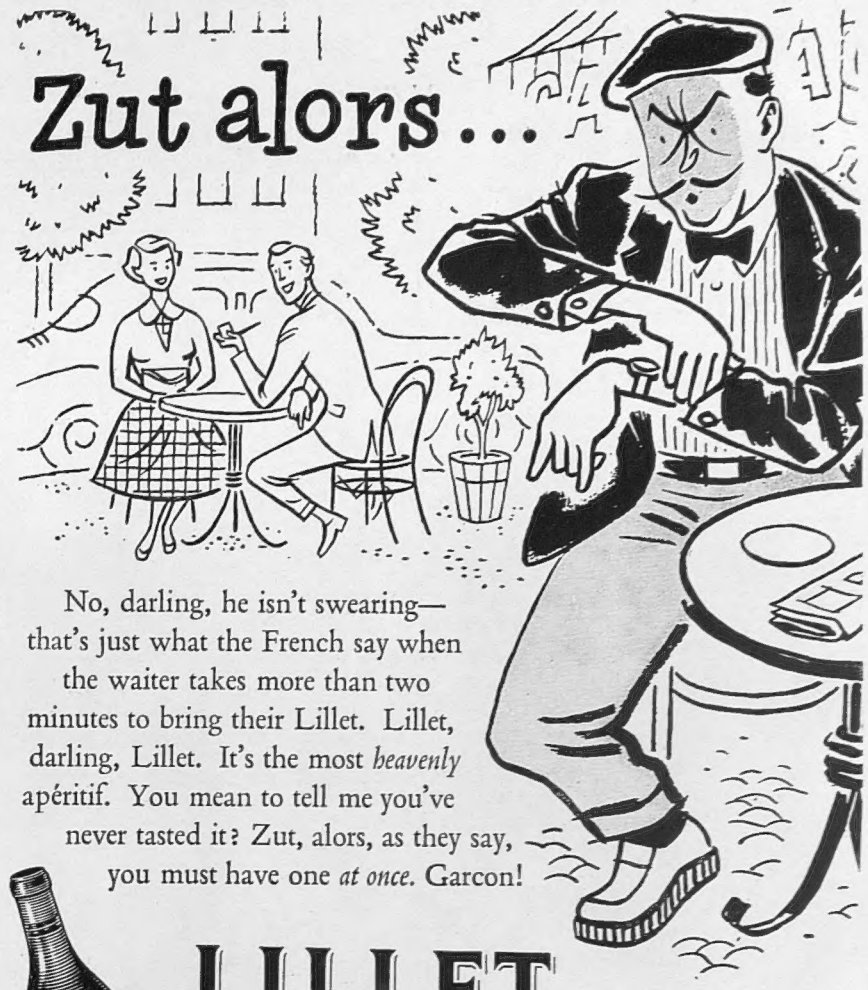
Zut alors...



No, darling, he isn't swearing—that's just what the French say when the waiter takes more than two minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet, darling, Lillet. It's the most *heavenly* apéritif. You mean to tell me you've never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say, you must have one *at once.* Garcon!

LILLET *is the finest and the most exhilarating of all apéritifs. It is a matured blend of white wines, is made exclusively in one small region of France, and is preferred by intelligent gastronomes all over the world. Drink Lillet on its own with ice and a sliver of lemon—or with one-third gin.*

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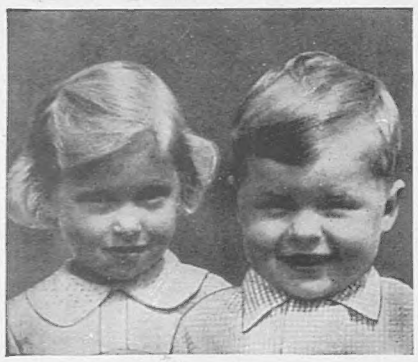

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or of any amount would help towards their festive fare.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

IT is at this period of the year that overseas readers are planning their home-coming, so it is opportune to draw attention to those areas and hotels which have a special appeal.

To state that Oatlands Park Hotel, near Weybridge in Surrey, is the doyen of residential hotels in close proximity to London would not be putting it on an undeserved pedestal. The appeal to the family man returning on furlough is so many-sided. First comes its convenience for London . . . half an hour by fast and frequent train to Waterloo from Walton-on-Thames, and the hotel station wagon to take you to the station in the morning and collect you in the evening. Then there are the many amenities of indoor and outdoor pursuits—an 18-hole sporting golf course surrounding the hotel, tennis courts, squash, croquet, bowls, putting and possibly the finest hotel outdoor swimming pool in Britain. Within are billiards, a ballroom, games room, television and such a spaciousness within and without that, after the wide open spaces abroad, no overseas visitor could possibly feel cramped. Inclusive terms, which are really inclusive, are from 9 gns. a week, though if you want a private bathroom or suite one naturally pays more. "The finest hotel value in Britain" it is said—and I am not going to dispute it.

Another place comprehensive in its amenities is Thorpeness, a private seaside resort on the bracing Suffolk coast between Southwold and Aldeburgh. Here you can take choice of a furnished house, or stay at The Club House, the Guest House or the attractive Dolphin Inn, and during the run of your leave you can have, so to speak, the freedom of the borough, disporting yourself in the sea, on the full-size 18-hole golf course, utilising the tennis courts or sailing on that children's paradise the Meare, where the annual regatta is surely one of the happiest memories of childhood days. Enquiries should be addressed to The Secretary, Thorpeness Ltd., Thorpeness, near Leiston, Suffolk.

There will be, of course, a great percentage of overseas visitors who will spend their leave in touring Britain. The choice is varied, provided that the summer school holiday period is avoided. May I, on behalf of THE SPHERE, offer you my advice in planning your home-coming.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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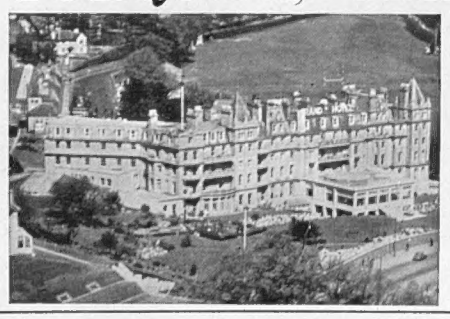

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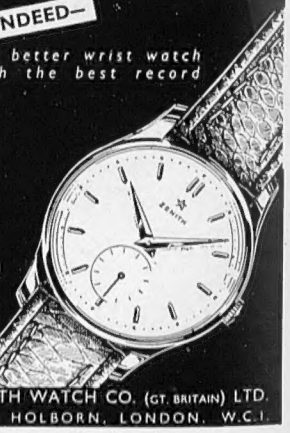

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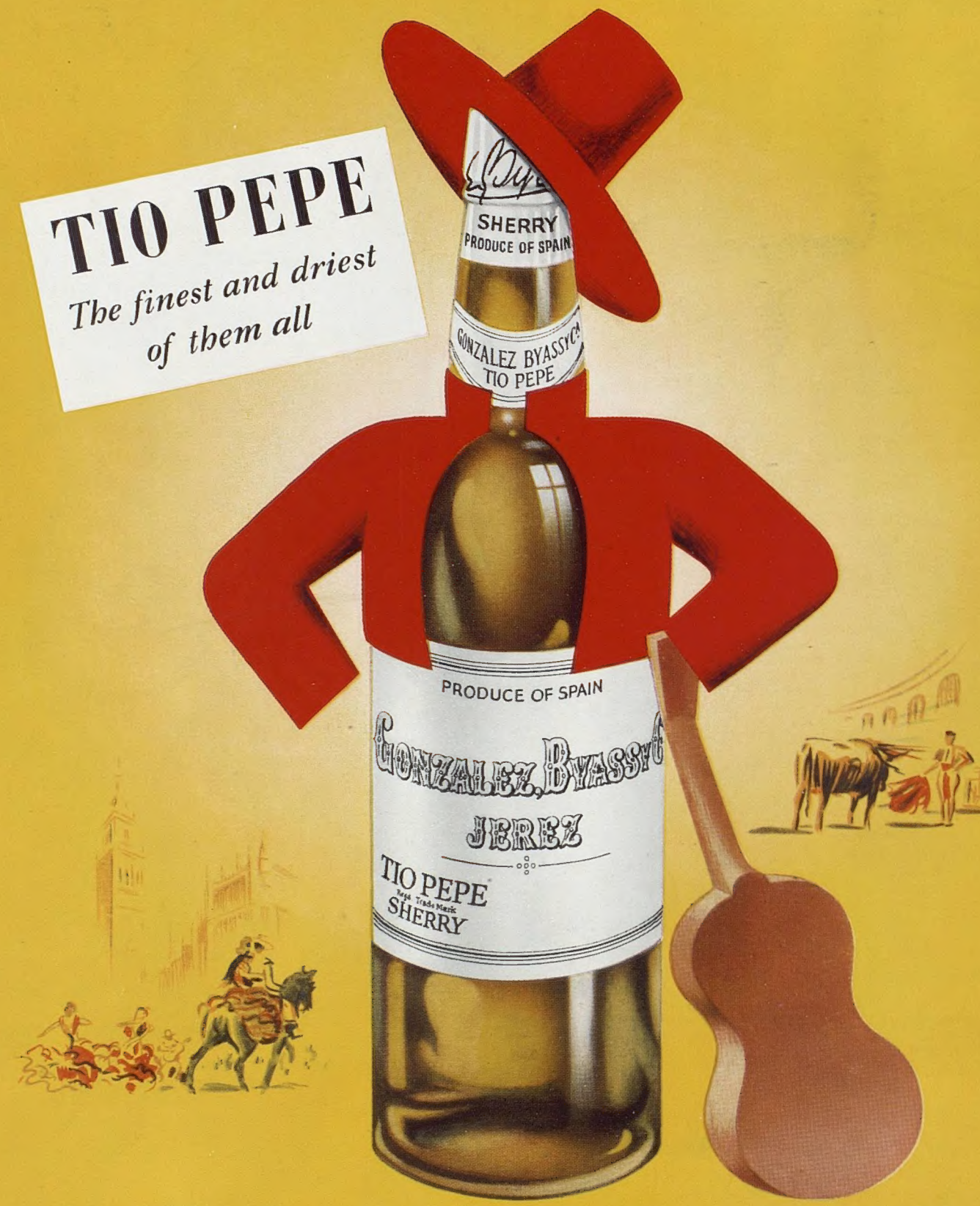

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